

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1896.

*THE FIRST NUMBER OF 'THE CORNHILL.'*¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

WHEN that good ship 'The Cornhill Magazine' first started on its long journey, 'dipped over the bar, and bounded away into the blue water,' the launch, as it is well known, was attended by many thousands of spectators and subscribers. I have a few of the old letters of that date, in which several of the spectators still speak for themselves, and express their interest in the venture. Mr. Reginald Smith reminds me that the sale of the first number reached to some 120,000. Literary booms and vast successes were not so common then as now, and this was supposed to be something quite phenomenal. I can remember messengers arriving during the day when that first number was published to tell the Editor of fresh thousands being wanted by the public; then more messengers came, and we were told how the printers were kept working till all hours of the night. I can also remember one little fact that Mr. George Smith mentioned at the time, and which happened to impress me. The calculations for the advertisements were all put out by the enormous sale. The price which pays for 10,000 announcements and the paper and the printing ceases to be remunerative when 120,000 notices are put forth. The proprietors actually lost upon the transaction after a certain number had been reached.

It would have been a strange perversion of chance if 'The Cornhill' had not proved a success. To say nothing of my father as the editor, there was the great influence and brilliant enterprise of its proprietor. The contributors were people of high

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standing and personal importance. Even the pretty cover, which still holds its own among present vaporous landscapes, inarticulate nymphs, and fashion blocks of to-day, was the spirited outcome of a new school of art which had lately grown up at South Kensington under the protection of the Prince Consort. Sir H. Cole had advised my father to apply to the Schools for a design for the cover, and one of the pupils, a young man called Godfrey Sykes, sent in a drawing for the cover. The design came in; another, previously thought of, was put aside, and the new one immediately accepted. In one of my father's early letters to Mr. George Smith he suggests a little cut of Temple Bar or of Charles I. on the outside, but this was before Mr. Sykes had sent in his drawing. 'What a fine engraving! what a beautiful drawing!' my father writes; 'there has been nothing so ornamentally good done anywhere that I know of.'

Not long ago I heard a working man, to whom someone had lent a copy of 'The Cornhill Magazine,' talking about the cover, at which he looked with some disapprobation. 'We don't treat the corn like that in my home,' he said. 'We should never get the harvest in if we had to do it all by hand.' I tried to assure him that it was allegorical corn of that sort which still has to be sown and reaped and threshed by the labourer himself, and which is all the better for the absence of machinery.

Crops vary, as we know, and the price of wheat goes up and down, and the seed falls sometimes into fertile and sometimes into arid places. But for over a quarter of a century the four sturdy labourers have kept at their work. Long may they continue their peaceful labours, rewarded in due time by new and bountiful harvests and their results!

When the present writer tries to write down what she recalls of those long-past days, she finds as usual only a few impressions of minor details rather than any clear conception of the more important facts, which, after all, were outside her girlish life. She herself was just starting on her own journey. The business of 'The Cornhill Magazine' was an abstract state of things, taking its place among the many crowding events of those vivid days, and she finds it difficult to disentangle its yellow thread interwoven with the other gay colours of early youth. She remembers her father walking about the house, coming in and out of the room, and sitting down in an armchair in his study upstairs to think over a name for the new magazine. Also the impression

of one winter's evening is full of happy warmth and interest still, when after an early dinner the family sat round the dining-room fire, reading the first chapters of 'Framley Parsonage,' which a printer's boy had brought in the dusk. The editor, who had been anxious, was now calm and reassured once more, delighted with the new story in which we were all absorbed. As he handed us the chapters one by one, Mark Robarts and that charming Lord Ludovic, and the brown and independent Lucy, all sprang into life and became friends and neighbours from that day forth. The first time the writer ever realised that she possessed all the privileges of an editor's daughter was on this very evening, when, instead of having to wait a month for the second number of 'Framley Parsonage,' her father sent her upstairs to the study to fetch the further proof-sheets which were lying on his table.

With the exception, perhaps, of the well-known 'Dublin Penny Magazine,' it seemed to be the impression in those bygone days that nothing was worth having that did not cost five shillings or half-a-crown at least. Other publishers must have found out the value of a shilling just about the same time that Messrs. Smith & Elder made their great discovery. 'Macmillan' is two months older than 'The Cornhill.' 'Temple Bar' is about a year younger.

'Have you found a title?' my father writes to Mr. Smith from Coire in Switzerland, on September 29, 1859. 'St. Lucius, who founded the church of St. Peter, Cornhill, is buried here. Help us, good St. Lucius! and I will be your faithful W. M. T.'

Good St. Lucius did not turn a deaf ear to the appeal, for, on October 4, my father writes again, dating from Zürich: 'I see Macmillan's advertisement, and am glad he appears in November. The only name I can think of as yet is "The Cornhill Magazine." It has a sound of jollity and abundance about it.'

It will be remembered that Messrs. Smith & Elder's offices were then at 65 Cornhill—within the radius of St. Lucius' jurisdiction.

The old letters I have been looking over give a very vivid impression of the mark made by the advent of 'The Cornhill.' Here is a note from Lord Houghton, which is very characteristic:

'Broadlands: December 27.

'MY DEAR T.—Obliged for and pleased with No. 1. It is almost too good both for the public it is written for and the money it has to earn. How you, the contributors, and the pub-

lishers are to be paid out of it is economically inconceivable! I send you some verses as you desired; I should like to see a proof at No. 16 U. B. Street, W., whenever you think fit to use them.

'I like the Leigh Hunt very particularly. I heartily wish you would employ Macdonald,¹ the author of "Phantastes" and "Within and Without." He is a man of very fine fancy, high education, and good taste. He would write you some poetical prose that would be sure to be good. The old Premier here looks so hearty, I believe he would write you an article if you asked him. He sat five hours at the farmers' dinner at Romsey, and then they said "looked quite disappointed to have to go."

'I am, yours ever,

' R. M. MILNES.'

Here also is an early letter from Carlyle:

'October 20, 1859.'

'DEAR THACKERAY,—Right gladly I would, if only I could, but I can yet bethink me of nothing in the least likely. Indeed I am so crushed to death amid Prussian rubbish, these long years past, I have nearly lost the power of thinking in any form, and am possessed by one sad futile ghost of a thought. How am I to get out of this cursed thing alive? If ever I do live to get out of it and find the Thackeray Magazine and Editor still lively, then!

'Meanwhile I do not quite give the matter up, your matter I mean, as desperate. And if any possibility do offer, be sure I will lay hold of it. With prayers for the new periodical and you,

'Yours ever,

' T. CARLYLE.'

The next letter contains an account of the article Mr. Carlyle was *not* able to write:

'DEAR THACKERAY,—The thing I contemplated for you, or the nucleus of the thing, was a letter concerning the anecdote about *Fontenoy*. "Faites feu, messieurs," on the part of the English, with answer from the Garde française, "Begin you, gentlemen; wouldn't do such a thing for the world." The letter is from Lord Charles Hay, captain of the Scots Fusiliers, main actor in the business. It was sent me last year by Lord Gifford, and I could

¹ Mr. Macdonald wrote *The Portent* in Numbers 5, 6, and 7 of 'The Cornhill.'

have made a little story out of it which would have been worth publishing. . . .

'But on applying to Lord Gifford he—what he is himself, I believe, truly sorry for—cannot now give me permission; so the poor little enterprise falls to nothing again, and I may be said to be in a state of ill-luck just now. If I ever see the end of this book and have life left you shall have plenty of things, but for the time being I can only answer *de profundis* to the above effect.

'Fair wind and full sea to you in this hitherto so successful voyage, for which the omens are on all sides good. Your people do not send us a copy since No. 1, but we always draw our purse upon it to the small extent requisite.

'Yours ever truly,
'T. CARLYLE.'

The next letter, which cannot but be quoted, although the facts to which it relates have been already told by Sir George Trevelyan in his 'Life of Lord Macaulay,' is from Mr. Charles Macaulay.

'MY DEAR TAYLOR,—There is a charming notice of my dear brother in the February number of "The Cornhill Magazine"—the outpouring of a tender, generous, noble nature. I do not know who wrote it, but I should much like Thackeray to know that the last book my brother read was the first number of "The Cornhill Magazine." It was open, at Thackeray's story, on the table by the side of the chair in which he died. I think that this might interest Thackeray—and perhaps when you have an opportunity you will mention it to him.

'Very affectionately yours,
'C. MACAULAY.'

My father thought of articles and wrote letters and made suggestions; he asked people to write for him; he went here and there on purpose to meet likely contributors; he went down to see Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. We have a most charming letter about this date from Lord Tennyson, which will be published in his memoir. Mr. Macmillan also visited the poet at Farringford and sat smoking his pipe opposite to him, and on that occasion obtained the MS. of 'Sea Dreams' for 'Macmillan's Magazine.' My father carried away 'Tithonus' for 'The Cornhill,' and I still remember his extreme outspoken admiration for the poem, and his pleasure in having secured it. He said he liked it better than 'Sea Dreams.'

Messrs. Smith & Elder also worked hard and converted their editor's suggestions into facts and realities, with an energy and a liberality very remarkable. There can never have been a more brilliant partnership of cause and effect, of philosophy, fancy, and enterprise, than during that too short time while the editor and the originator of 'The Cornhill Magazine' worked together. I have a pile of old letters from Messrs. Smith & Elder about 'The Cornhill Magazine,' which are an example in themselves—punctual, orderly, sparing no trouble. There are more than one on the same day, entering into every detail. Messengers and telegrams go flying, proofs are prepared, titles and articles are carefully revised.

An article was written for the first number of 'The Cornhill Magazine' of which the history is contained in a letter which has come to me lately from Sir Henry Thompson himself.¹ 'Before "The Cornhill" came out'—so he writes—'your father told me that he intended to develop a new principle—that he thought every man, whatever his profession, might be able to tell something about it which no one else could say, provided the writer could write at all; and he wanted to utilise this element. "So," said he, "I want you to describe cutting off a leg as a surgical operation, and do it so that a ship's captain at sea, who had not a doctor on board, would be able to take a sailor's leg off, by reading your description." Having heard in a letter from your father, signed "Yours, in trouble," that the article was lost, I was very glad to learn by an envelope addressed to me with the following words, "The leg is found. W. M. T.," that the manuscript had come to light. The article finally appeared with a new title. When your father had read it, it struck him that the article he had asked for might be somewhat painful; so he wrapped it up in something sweet for the British public to take, and called it "Under Chloroform." I had brought the anæsthesia to the front for the same purpose. . .'

Another indefatigable worker who published some of his finest essays in 'The Cornhill Magazine' was Fitzjames Stephen, whose note is lying among the rest. Slight as it is, it gives the picture of the man, of his power of work, his clearness of mind, his straight-

¹ 'I never wrote but one article for the C.H.M.,' Sir Henry Thompson writes to the present editor, 'and that was at the suggestion of my old friend Thackeray. He proposed I should write it for the first number, and I did so. He lost the MS. for three months, and it did not appear till the fourth number.'

forward directness ; as life went on, and our ties became closer, one could realise all this more and more.

'April 18, 1861.

'MY DEAR THACKERAY,—Smith told me that you had been very unwell, which I was sorry to hear. Your not answering my note was of no consequence, as I took the liberty of forwarding the article which it proposed, and I suppose from Smith's having sent the proof that you do not object to it.

'I have a variety of articles which I could propose to you if you would let me know when I could call on you to talk over them. I always used to find with Cook that it saved a deal of trouble, and made the articles better, to have a stock on hand.

'Ever sincerely yours,

'J. F. STEPHEN.

'Would you be at home some time after four on Saturday?'

An editor's work is full of uncertainty, and I find that most of the letters I possess are to say why the writer *cannot* do as my father wishes, for of course people *don't* write long letters when they agree to your wishes. But such denials as this one from Mr. Motley must have been not all disappointment to the receiver :

'... Your letter, with its magnificent illustration, was at once pounced upon by my daughter, and it is enrolled among her most precious archives.

'I wish I could give a favourable answer to your flattering request, but, most unfortunately for myself, I have been so long engaged in the slow and heavy business that I could do nothing in the light and airy line worth your acceptance.

'I dare say that you think it as simple as good-day to write a Roundabout Paper in half-an-hour, that shall be the delight of the billion readers of "The Cornhill Magazine"; but *I* am obliged for my part to confess, like Aguecheek, that "I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man." I feel sure that I should be voted a bore were I to try my hand as you desire. Believe me that it is from no affectation of modesty, nor indisposition to oblige you, that I thus refuse your invitation, but from an honest inward conviction of imbecility.

'Nevertheless, if by lucky chance I should think of something within my range that I might make useful to you, it will give me much pleasure—after this full confession—to send it. . . .'

The next refusal is from dear Dr. John Brown.

'I am ashamed of my shabbiness to you, but the truth is, I must be *forced* to write. If you were to make your printer command me to have something ready by a certain date I could do it, but if it is left to my own sweet will it is left for ever. I was thinking of giving you an additional member of "Our Dogs"—"Binkie," a real dog, and the best successor I have ever known to "Crab," "the sourest-natured dog that lives," as his master says. . . .'

From Dr. John Brown—from the author of 'Rab and his Friends'—to Sir Edwin Landseer is but a short step.

Sir Edwin's letters have both been quoted before in these pages, but they are so much to the point that I cannot omit them here.

'MY DEAR THACKERAY,—Old rams look wicked sometimes, sheep usually innocent. What am I to do? [*Here drawing of a sheep.*] If you will let me know what kind of sheep you really wish, I will illustrate a page for *the Mag.*

'Yours sincerely,

'E. LANDSEER.'

A drawing of an old ram and a design of a mastiff bearing some likeness to my father, and sitting in dignified enthronement on a pile of books, fill up the second page.

'March 18, 1860.

'DEAR THACKERAY,—My used-up old pencil worked with friendly gladness for an old friend, and was richly rewarded by the reception you gave the black sheep. I now feel under an avalanche which really embarrasses me. The magnificent gift now before me so startled me that a state of prostration has set in with its usual severity! It is from your large heart the pretty ewer comes. I am willing to believe, and do hope that you never intended me to feel under an obligation; some such feeling mingles with my thanks. Spite of which I shall always have great pleasure in the bottle, which is in perfect taste, quite lovely. Only I do feel ashamed of accepting anything so precious for a speck of scribbling done in neighbourly eagerness for a good fellow, with whom I am proud to share a page. What am I, or you, to say to Messrs. Smith & Elder? The impression of our vignette comes very well, nicely engraved.

'My dear Thackeray, faithfully and sincerely yours,

'E. LANDSEER.'

With the sixth number of 'The Cornhill Magazine' came a Roundabout Paper, entitled 'On some Late Great Victories,' and giving a humorous and amusing description of a Roman triumphal procession, and of 'Six great complete and undeniable victories achieved by the corps which the editor of "The Cornhill Magazine" has the honour to command. . . .' The paper describes 'the procession passing up the Hill of Ludgate, around the Pauline Square, by the side of Cheap, until it reaches our own Hill of Corn! . . . The Emperor is bowing to the people, the captains of the legions are riding round the car. . . . "I fancy the Emperor standing on the steps of the Temple on the *Mons Frumentarius* and addressing the citizens. Crowned with flowers, the captains enter the Temple, the other magazines walking modestly behind them; the people huzza, and in some instances kneel and kiss the fringes of the robes of the warriors. . . . In ancient times, Pliny *apud* Smith relates, it was the custom of the Emperor to paint his whole body a bright red, and also on ascending the hill to have some of the hostile chiefs led aside to the adjoining prison and put to death. We propose to dispense with both these ceremonies."

In the eighth number of 'The Cornhill' an article appeared which created great excitement at the time. I still remember the indignant correspondence concerning 'Stranger than Fiction,' and the universal outcry with which these wonderful stories were received. My father had seen a good deal of spirit-rapping in America, and he had been interested by the curious experiences which have now had their day and passed away with how many other ghosts, wraiths, bogies, into the ghostland of ghosts, if such a place exists.

Another article which also gave great dissatisfaction in academic circles, was the remonstrance of Jacob Omnium on public schools, more especially referring to Eton. 'I have read with unfeigned astonishment,' says the head of a popular preparatory school, 'the article by "Paterfamilias," with which your new number opens. It appears to me almost necessary, for the credit of the magazine, that misstatements so extraordinary should be corrected by the magazine.' To this 'Paterfamilias' replies that every statement made by him is distinctly stated to be based on facts collected from Sir John Coleridge's Lecture, as published by John Murray. 'But I confess,' he continues, 'I do not think a controversy can be carried on satisfactorily with guns that can be only fired once a month.'

At the same time another correspondent, from ever-friendly Edinburgh and from Rutland Square, that comfortable corner, says, 'I am delighted to see your magazine take up the question of public schools. Our Scotch schools are in need of a little similar ventilation, and I should like to offer a few sentences on the subject in the next "Cornhill." You will see from my address that I am almost next-door neighbour to our common friend Dr. John Brown,' the writer concludes.

With the third number there was published a fly-leaf from the editor, in which he appeals to his contributors, and requests them not to send their contributions to his private house, but to the office of the magazine. As my father's health failed, the mechanical part of the work became more and more irksome to him, and he found—in common, I believe, with most editors—that it is not that which appears in print, but that which does not appear, which proves the really trying part of the editor's duty. What does he say of the thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair? 'It is there. Ah, it stings me now as I write. It comes with almost every morning's post. At night I come home and take my letters up to bed, not daring to open them. And in the morning I find one, two, three thorns on my pillow. . . . It is all very fine to advertise on the magazine that contributions are only to be sent to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and not to the editor's private residence. My dear sir, how little you know of man or womankind if you fancy they will take that kind of warning. No day passes but that word "misericordiam" is used. Day and night that sad voice is crying for help. Before I was an editor I did not like the postman much, but now!'

There is certainly a great deal to be said for a very young editor—under twenty-one years of age, shall we say?—whose companions are all young, and lusty too, with links and associations which do not extend beyond their schooldays, and who enjoy the tussle and the sport and the eager fight, and do not suffer from the passing blows as older people do.

Only a week or two ago I burnt a whole armful of these dusty thorns, and I can well imagine what it must have been for a man of sensitive nerves and vivid imagination to have to answer and dismiss all this mass of correspondence, suggestion, and petition arriving by every post. The pleasantest letter in this present parcel of thorns—one which has remained by some chance in my bureau—is headed by a clever etching of a segment of a rose

stem with a huge pointed spike standing out, well drawn and carefully shaded. This, of course, was no real thorn, but a half-joking reminder from the son of Thomas Hood himself.

To return to the correspondence, one contributor states that he is a 'gentleman' wishing to go abroad on an historical and antiquarian tour through Normandy; the only difficulty being that he has not sufficient means to accomplish his object. He therefore requests my father to send him 12*l.* at once, and he, the writer, will immediately start, and contribute *gratuitously*, he says, to 'The Cornhill' an account of his journey. He trusts that if my father cannot do this he will make some *other* arrangement (the dashes are the correspondent's own). The contributor thinks of going by Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, St.-Michel, and returning by Tours and Orleans. 'You will perceive,' he says, 'that this is an original tour, and contains many interesting points.'

'Honoured and Admired Sir,' writes another in Johnsonian language from the depths of the country, 'In the writer of this letter you would behold the unlucky, unfortunate, and unworthy contributor of some poetical subjects to your influential and extensive "Cornhill Magazine." Indeed, I have but received a day or two ago such a piece returned. . . . I now try my hand at *prose*, and send you a paper for the May number of the magazine.' (The letter is dated March 27, and the editor and printers would have to bestir themselves.) 'If the manuscript is returned,' says the author, 'I will send the postage necessary. . . . May such a contingency be far off.'

As I have said, 'The Cornhill' was a fine performance, deserving well of its country. The names of the contributors are a sort of history of the doing and thinking, of the action and philosophy from the year 1860. Tennyson, Ruskin, Locker, Mrs. Browning, Algernon Swinburne, Lord Lytton, and Adelaide Procter may well stand for poetry and philosophy; there is Washington Irving still writing from America; and for natural science Sir John Herschel, George Lewes, and Hinton; and for essayists we find Matthew Arnold and Fitzjames Stephen and Harriet Martineau and Frederick Greenwood and the great Jacob Omnium. Then for fiction and romance we have Anthony Trollope, and my father's fine novel of 'Philip,' which never had the success it deserved, but which seems to me to contain some of the wisest and most beautiful things he ever wrote. Charles Reade, Sir

Alfred Lyall, Sir George Trevelyan have all in turn contributed to 'The Cornhill.' With all this care, and pains, and force of intellect, and character, it would have been strange indeed if 'The Cornhill Magazine' had not proved a success.

One of the most touching articles which appeared in its columns were those few chapters by Miss Brontë, to which my father wrote an introduction. The beautiful opening pages of the story of 'Emma' appeared in the fourth number, together with 'the last sketch,' as my father called it, when he wrote his introduction, placing his worthy tribute upon the newly made grave of his friend.

There is a correspondence between Mrs. Browning and my father, concerning a difference of views held by her and by my father as to the line which ought to be drawn by the editor of a popular magazine for family reading, which is so interesting that I cannot refrain from inserting it. I may add that the poem in question was, Mr. George Smith writes, the beautiful poem called 'Lord Walter's Wife,' printed in the fourth volume of Mrs. Browning's collected works.

' 36 Onslow Square: April 2, 1861.

'MY DEAR, KIND MRS. BROWNING,—Has Browning ever had an aching tooth which must come out (I don't say *Mrs.* Browning, for women are much more courageous)—a tooth which must come out, and which he has kept for months and months away from the dentist? I have had such a tooth a long time, and have sate down in this chair, and never had the courage to undergo the pull.

'This tooth is an allegory (I mean *this* one). It's your poem that you sent me months ago, and who am I to refuse the poems of Elizabeth Browning and set myself up as a judge over her? I can't tell you how often I have been going to write and have failed. You see that our Magazine is written not only for men and women, but for boys, girls, infants, sucklings almost, and one of the best wives, mothers, women in the world writes some verses which I feel certain would be objected to by many of our readers. Not that the writer is not pure, and the moral most pure, chaste, and right, but there are things *my* squeamish public will not hear on Monday, though on Sundays they listen to them without scruple. In your poem you know there is an account of unlawful passion felt by a man for a woman, and though you write pure doctrine,

and real modesty, and pure ethics, I am sure our readers would make an outcry, and so I have not published this poem.

'To have to say No to my betters is one of the hardest duties I have, but I'm sure we must not publish your verses, and I go down on my knees before cutting my victim's head off, and say, "Madam, you know how I respect and regard you, Browning's wife and Peneny's mother: and for what I am going to do I most humbly ask your pardon."

'My girls send their very best regards and remembrances, and I am, dear Mrs. Browning,

'Always yours,

'W. M. THACKERAY.'

'Rome, April 21: 126 Via Felice.

'DEAR MR. THACKERAY,—Pray consider the famous "tooth" (a wise tooth!) as extracted under chloroform, and no pain suffered by anybody.

'To prove that I am not sulky I send another contribution—which may prove too much, perhaps—and, if you think so, dispose of the supererogatory virtue by burning the MS., as I am sure I may rely on your having done with the last.

'I confess it, dear Mr. Thackeray, never was anyone turned out of a room for indecent behaviour in a more gracious and conciliatory manner! Also, I confess that from your "Cornhill" standpoint (paterfamilias looking on) you are probably right ten times over. From mine, however, I may not be wrong, and I appeal to you as the deep man you are, whether it is not the higher mood, which on Sunday bears with the "plain word," so offensive on Monday, during the cheating across the counter? I am not a "fast woman"—I don't like coarse subjects, or the coarse treatment of any subject. But I am deeply convinced that the corruption of our society requires not shut doors and windows, but light and air: and that it is exactly because pure and prosperous women choose to *ignore* vice, that miserable women suffer wrong by it everywhere. Has paterfamilias, with his Oriental traditions and veiled female faces, very successfully dealt with a certain class of evil? What if materfamilias, with her quick sure instincts and honest innocent eyes, do more towards their expulsion by simply looking at them and calling them by their names? See what insolence you put me up to by your kind way of naming my dignities . . . "Browning's wife and Penini's mother!"

'And I, being vain (turn some people out of a room and you don't humble them properly), retort with . . . "materfamilias!"

'Our friend, Mr. Story, has just finished a really grand statue of the "African Sybil." It will place him very high.

'Where are you all, Annie, Minnie? . . . Why don't you come and see us in Rome?

'My husband bids me give you his kind regards, and I shall send Pen's love with mine to your dear girls.—Most truly yours,

'ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

'We go to Florence in the latter half of May.'

There is also a charming subsequent little note sent *viâ* Cornhill, which I quote. Can the poem have been 'A Musical Instrument,' which appeared in July 1860?

'Rome: 126 Via Felice.

'DEAR MR. THACKERAY,—I hope you received my note and last poem. I hope still more earnestly that you won't think I am putting my spite against your chastening hand into a presumptuous and troublesome fluency.

'But Hans Christian Andersen is here, charming us all, and not least the children. So I wrote these verses—not for "Cornhill" this month, of course; though I send them now that they may lie over at your service (if you are so pleased) for some other month of the summer.

'We go to Florence on the first of June—and, lo! here is the twenty-first of May.

'With love to dear Annie and Minny,

'I remain, most truly yours,

'ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.'

These letters need no comment here. Mr. Barrett Browning has as much reason to be proud of his mother's generous letter as I have of my father's sincerity and tribute to her.

I have a yellow page, dated March 25, 1862, which leaves off in the middle, and which is addressed

'To Contributors and Correspondents.

'Ladies and Gentlemen (who WILL continue, in spite of the standing notice below, to send papers to the Editor's private residence)—perhaps you will direct the postman to some other house, when you hear that the Editor of "The Cornhill Magazine" no longer lives in mine.

'My esteemed successor lives at Number —, but I will not intrude upon the poor man's brief interval of quiet. He will have troubles enough in that thorn-cushioned editorial chair which is forwarded to him this day by the Parcels (Happy) Delivery Company.

'In our first number, ladies and gentlemen, I, your humble servant, likened himself to the captain of a ship, to which and whom I wished a pleasant voyage. Pleasant! Those who have travelled on shipboard know what a careworn, oppressed, uncomfortable man the captain is. Meals disturbed, quiet impossible, rest interrupted—such is the lot of captains. . . .'

But at the same time—and my dear father might have been the first to acknowledge this—the captains of 'The Cornhill,' whatever their private difficulties, have ever been held in no small esteem and affection by owners, officers, and crew. Of these commanders the last but one, Captain James Payn, has but now hauled his pendant with a kindly sign to his successor.

It was in the spring of 1862 that my father ceased to be editor of 'The Cornhill Magazine,' although he went on writing for its columns to the end. After his death 'Denis Duval' was published, with a note and introduction. It was not till after my father had resigned the editorship in 1862 that George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell joined the ranks of 'The Cornhill.' 'Romola' was brought out in the July number of the same year 1862, and Mrs. Gaskell's novel of 'Wives and Daughters' followed in 1864. Later on came Meredith and Hardy, and some of Mrs. Oliphant's finest work.

Honoured hands had been at work for 'The Cornhill' during all these years! Leighton's drawings for 'Romola' are well known. Besides Lord Leighton's illustrations to 'Romola,' some of Richard Doyle's delightful cartoons had appeared there. Sir John Millais had been making striking designs for Trollope's stories, and Frederick Walker illustrating the 'Story of Elizabeth,' which story was published under my father's editorship. It is still pleasant to remember the raptures of those first drawings and printed paragraphs. They seemed (to the author) to be almost on fire; an optical illusion which I dare say other authors will corroborate, remembering the look of their first proofs.

For the writer herself the hour for sentimental stories and novels had long passed; the time had come for sober essays and biographies of elderly ladies, in frills, tippets, and bombazine—Mrs.

Barbault, Mrs. Opie, and others of that ilk, who were the demure and respectable heroines of her predilections, when a message came to her one day, a *decoration* if she may so call it reached her, of which she is so proud that she hopes she may be forgiven for quoting the diploma here. It runs as follows:—

‘S.S. Lubeck, between Africa and Sydney.

‘DEAR MRS. RITCHIE,—Do you remember a lean youth who used to hang dimly around Leslie Stephen? I am that—I mean I am all that remains of that youth, and have just been startled into boyish joy, and directed from the path of duty (answering eight months’ accumulated correspondence) by your book of “Sybils.” *I want more.* I am fond of writing studies myself; and rather plume myself on my talent in that way; my method is the exact opposite of yours; I never see why you lay one touch more than another, I cannot see why you make your breaks, all your craft is magic and mystery in my matter-of-fact eyes; . . . In your small volume I have made a troop of friends. I beg of you to give me more: a second volume: Joanna Baillie, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Inchbald, and (please) Mrs. Radcliffe. My wife joins me in my pleading. Show us these faces, let us hear these voices, also, and make some happy hours for . . . ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

‘Or must you be wooed in verse (he adds)—

*‘The faces and the forms of yore,
Again recall, again recast;
Let your fine fingers raise once more
The curtains of the quiet past;
And then, beside the English fires
That sung and sparkled long ago,
The sires of your departed sires,
The mothers of our mothers, show.’—R. L. S.’*

It will be remembered how many of those studies which Stevenson was ‘fond of writing’ have appeared in the pages of ‘The Cornhill.’ Nine articles out of the fifteen which make up that best read and constantly-quoted book, ‘*Virginibus Puerisque*,’ first came out between the yellow covers of ‘The Cornhill’ during the editorship of the friend to whom Stevenson makes allusion in his letter.

It is in one of the last of my father’s essays that he speaks ‘of the fortunate lot of those who have given incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. . . .’ Was he writing of the future as well as of the past?

*BURKE,¹**AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.*

EVERYTHING now is evolution. Burke is taken by some to have been its political precursor, and likely on that account to exercise a special influence at the present day. In evolution there are two elements: continuity and progress. Of continuity in Burke there is enough; but where is the progress? It would not be easy to find in him any clear intimation that humanity, in its political aspect, had moved on, or was destined to move on. You would rather be led to think that, so far as England was concerned, the settlement of 1688 was final.

What Burke really taught—taught with effect, and was borne out in teaching by the events of his time—was the weakness of paper constitutions. He is the antidote to Sieyès. He distinctly saw, and admirably demonstrated, that institutions were social growths rather than intellectual creations, and that they must always correspond with the character, traditions, and circumstances of the nation. He carries this, as in his rhetorical fervour he carries most things, to an extreme. He would almost lead you to think, not only that political institutions cannot be created by speculative framers, but that reason had nothing to do with their creation; that they grew spontaneously as a plant grows, without intelligence or conscious effort on the part of the legislator or the nation. Not only does he consecrate prejudice in politics; he seems inclined to set it above reason, on the ground that it acts instinctively without hesitation or reflection. So, unquestionably, it does and did in the Lord George Gordon Riots and in the maintenance of the Irish Penal Code. Gradual and imperceptible progress may be the rule, but if Burke meant to say that great changes could not be brought about by conscious and reasoning effort, facts surely were against him. Charlemagne, Peter the Great, and Napoleon made great changes in the empires which owned their power. The Protestant reformers made great changes in Europe, political and social as well as religious. The French Revolutionists turned France from a monarchical, aristocratic, and

¹ Right Honourable Edmund Burke died July 9, 1797.

Catholic nation into what it is now. Long established and apparently deeply rooted as aristocracy was, they abolished it in a single night.

The other grand article of Burke's political philosophy is preference of practical good to theory. This also he seems, in his rhetorical moods, to carry to an extreme length. Such is his abhorrence of abstract principles and metaphysical rights, that he sometimes appears almost to regard practical wisdom as consisting in acting without any general principle to guide us.

Burke is the prince of pamphleteers. His great speeches are in reality pamphlets, manifestly written and cast in the pamphlet form. He is a politician among philosophers, a profound philosopher among politicians.

He is at his best in the speeches on the American question and the letter on the same question to the sheriffs of Bristol. Here our reason and our moral sense are with him throughout. The elevation of sentiment is noble; the style is superb; with all its fervour and force it retains the calmness, the sobriety, the dignity of truth. He hardly ever becomes declamatory, he is never vituperative. Only once or twice does he lapse into the tasteless and extravagant metaphor which defaced his later style. Political writing grander or more full of instruction, moral and prudential, there is none. It must be said, on the other hand, that Burke is not in full possession of the case. He thinks that taxation is the only ground of quarrel, whereas the revolt was, in fact, not less against commercial restriction, which had been rendered more galling by the unhappy diligence of Grenville. What was of still more importance, he was ignorant of the existence at Boston of a Republican circle, headed by Samuel Adams, which was bent on independence, and when it held loyal language was but masking its real intent. Probably he relied too much on the statements of Franklin, who may have partly deceived himself. Though no narrow pleader, he is a pleader, not a judge. Had he been a judge, he would have said more about the outrages committed by the Americans, which shocked even so vehement a friend to their cause as Chatham, and which no Government could be expected to endure. He would have had a better chance of prevailing with his own Government and his own countrymen, had he admitted that there was wrong on both sides.

A pamphleteer is not expected, like a political philosopher, to go to the bottom of a question; it is well if in writing for the

occasion he gives us, as Burke always does, something permanent and universal. What was Burke's view of the colonial system? What did he conceive to be the value of the Colonies to the Imperial country, and the use of the connection? With what object was the shadow of Imperial supremacy, with all its responsibilities, to be retained? To these questions we find no answers. In those days, it is true, there was a monopoly of colonial trade, to which Burke justly refers as a full equivalent for taxation, but which we can hardly suppose that he, an enlightened economist, approved or wished to go on for ever. It is curious to think what he would have said if he could have foreseen the time when, instead of an Imperial monopoly of colonial trade, the Colonies would be waging commercial war, by protective tariffs, against the Imperial country; when the Imperial Government would have renounced all real authority over the Colonies, and nothing would remain to it but the responsibility of colonial defence and the perils of a widely scattered empire.

Burke was the great enemy of abstract propositions. It is singular that destiny should have chosen him to be the framer of the Declaratory Act, affirming the unlimited power of the British Legislature to bind the Colonies—an abstract proposition to which Townshend soon gave practical effect. Our only consolation in reading this wretched history is that the end of an obsolete, if not originally vicious, connection must have come, though, if the spirit of Burke could have prevailed, it would have come in peace.

Not inferior in excellence to the speeches and writings on the American question, though on a smaller scale, are the speeches about the Bristol election, and the relations between Burke and his constituents. Here the dignity, we might almost say the majesty, of his character fully appears. None of his famous passages of eloquence are so fine as the conclusion of his speech at Bristol previous to the election:—

‘And now, Gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are made against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any descrip-

tion of men, or any one man in any description. No! The charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted.'

All are familiar with the speech at the conclusion of the poll, defining the true relation of a member of Parliament to his constituents, affirming that he is a representative not a delegate; that he is a member of a national legislature, not an ambassador to a congress of local interests; and that he owes to his constituents the free and conscientious exercise of his own judgment. Of the thousands who have read those words not one probably has read them without hearty assent. Probably no one would read them without hearty assent now. Yet to what have we practically come? To the domination of the local caucus and the enslavement of the member of Parliament to its dictation. A member who finds himself constrained by conscience to vote against the will of his local caucus deems it is duty to resign his seat. Members pledge themselves to vote on a certain side for the rest of the session. Burke would probably have liked to see them expelled from the House.

It is not unlikely that Burke's experience of the ways of a popular constituency at Bristol confirmed him in his dislike of parliamentary reform, and in his conviction, the avowal of which by a Whig sounds to us strange, that in the Rotten Borough Parliament there was not too little but too much of the popular element. It should, however, be borne in mind when we criticise Burke's extravagant reverence, as it appears, for a Constitution of which not the anomalies only but the defects were so glaring, that this was, with the indecisive exceptions of Holland and Switzerland, the only free Constitution in Europe. It filled Voltaire with admiration as well as Burke. There was no Bastille or censorship of the Press. Nor did the defects of the representation, monstrous as they were, prevent public sentiment from finding expression in the elections when national feeling had been roused. This was seen in the fall of Walpole and in the rise to power of the younger Pitt. Burke's ideal was a balance of king, aristocracy, and commons, and that balance was certainly over-set by the Reform Bill of 1832.

On the other hand, Burke was mistaken in thinking that shocking anomalies are not evils, and that a man must be a fool who cared what the forms were provided the practical outcome was good. The fineness of political perception which discerns practical advantages beneath formal absurdity and injustice belongs to the instructed few. The many, to satisfy their minds and engage their allegiance, require a tolerable correspondence of the form with the fact. There was a point at which Sieyès might have made a stand against Burke.

Burke was called an adventurer, and an adventurer, in a certain sense, he was. He went into politics without independent means of living, and without connections or with Irish and Catholic connections which did him harm. This was a perilous position for any man. Nor did Burke wholly escape the peril. There is a disagreeable mystery about his relations with his namesake and problematical kinsman, William Burke, who gambled in East India stock. His want of a regular means of livelihood, and his pecuniary embarrassments were things that, not unnaturally, told against him. The worst of it was that he allowed himself to be placed under pecuniary obligations to Lord Rockingham, the leader of his party. Lord Rockingham, though he was generous, and must have felt that he was fully repaid, could hardly be expected to regard one who accepted pecuniary aid from him as an equal or call him to a seat in the Cabinet at his side.

In qualification for public service, however, the adventurer stood far above the crowd of wealthy and highly connected politicians who branded him with that name. In political knowledge he was a millionaire. He had industriously trained himself for public life. Not only had he studied political philosophy, history, and other subjects congenial to a man of genius, but he had spared no toil in mastering the dry details of economy, trade, and finance. Proofs of this, as well as of his genuine zeal for reform, are seen in his pamphlet on the 'State of the Nation,' in his speech on economic reform, and whenever he deals with finance and trade—and in those days there was no 'Statesman's Year-Book.'

'The Causes of the Present Discontent' is a manifesto in favour of government by a parliamentary party, against the Bolingbrokian idea of the Patriot King; in other words, against the personal government at which George III. was aiming with the help of his 'King's friends,' though it is probable that to

Burke's somewhat angry eyes the plot seemed deeper and more systematic than it really was. For the ideal portrait of a party the Rockingham connection evidently sat. The passage has probably been quoted as often as any passage in Burke's writings, and has had no small effect in reconciling 'persons of tender and scrupulous virtue' to party government with the subordination of private conscience to party discipline which that system requires. Yet it will not bear close scrutiny. Party is defined as a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. What is meant by a 'particular principle'? On the common principles of public morality and utility there is no difference of opinion. The term, therefore, must mean a particular view of some question sufficiently organic or important to divide the community into two parties, and justify the submission of the individual conscience. But of such questions the supply is not inexhaustible. When it is exhausted, and in ordinary times, what is there upon which party can be morally based? An answer to this question will be sought of Burke in vain. Inquiry into fundamentals, as was said before, is not to be expected even of the most philosophic of pamphleteers.

'Such a generous contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place or emolument.' He who wrote thus of political party is found a few years afterwards holding subordinate office under the most unprincipled and scandalous of coalitions. Not only did Burke join Fox and North in what all the world regarded as a mean and interested struggle for place and emolument, but he lies under suspicion of having played an active part in the subversion of Lord Shelburne's Government, and the formation of the coalition which ensued.

It was surely in an evil hour for himself that Burke became connected with Charles Fox. Charles Fox had fine impulses, though love of his own country was not one of them. It is not less certain that he was a most powerful debater, if in the reports of his speeches little of the fire is left. His social charms were also evidently great, and won him ardent friends. But his character had been formed at the gambling table, and Napoleon was right in saying that he would never, if he could help it, employ a gambler. The recklessness of the gambling table was brought by Fox into the arena of public life. We are asked

whether we would have refused to accept a good measure from Mirabeau because he was a debauchee. We would not refuse to accept a good measure from Satan, but we have a shrewd though old-fashioned suspicion that Satan's private character would appear in his public conduct, as that of Mirabeau unquestionably did. Fox, indolent, and ostentatiously ignorant of economy and finance, while he aspired to the government of a great commercial country, would, of course, welcome the industry and knowledge of Burke; while Burke would be drawn to Fox by Fox's loveable qualities, perhaps by his high connections, perhaps by the very dissimilarity of their characters and gifts. Fox's violence in his opposition to North, which went almost to the length of treason, had the effect, as a good observer remarked, of confirming the obstinacy of the Government and prolonging the American war. Burke, as Fox's associate, must in some measure share the blame.

Burke's own party being now in power, and the patronage being now in the right hands, Burke found his economical reformation of the civil and other establishments pared down to safe dimensions. For himself, however, he nobly refused the equivocal gains of the Paymaster's office, contenting himself with its regular salary. He showed his want of practical judgment by the reappointment of two clerks against whom proceedings for malversation were then pending. Far more fatally did he show the same defect in the framing of the India Bill, which was no doubt the work of his hand. The East India Company having acquired an empire, it had manifestly become necessary to transfer the power to the Crown; and such was the practical object of the India Bill afterwards passed by Pitt, as well as of that framed by Burke. But Burke's Bill roused a swarm of enemies, first by tearing up the Company's charter, and secondly by openly transferring the vast patronage of India virtually to the party in power. Pitt, like a wise tactician, let the charter nominally stand, and disguised the transfer of power and patronage to the Crown under the form of a Board of Control. Had Burke been in the court of Reason, nothing could have been more triumphant than his answer to the outcry about the violation of chartered rights. But he was not in the court of Reason, and the cry prevailed. All chartered bodies, especially those conscious of corruption, united in furious opposition to the Bill. Still more powerful was the outcry against the assumption of Indian patronage, which, it was supposed, would make Fox dictator. The result was a vast combination of forces,

Radical as well as Tory, against the Government, of which the King, with the aid of Temple and Thurlow, by an unconstitutional intrigue took advantage. The Coalition Government fell, and Burke with his party was out of office for the rest of his days. When, in consequence of the King's illness, the party seemed for a moment on the point of returning to power and the list of a Whig Government was drawn up, there was not a thought of setting Burke down for a seat in the Cabinet. Subordinate office, with an income sufficient to meet his necessities and those of his connections, was taken to be the utmost to which he could aspire.

That exclusion and neglect told upon him is painfully clear. As a speaker in the House of Commons he had made a brilliant opening, and had gained the ear of the House. But he now gradually lost his temper and his authority with it. His taste had never been faultless, and taste is æsthetic common-sense. His prolix and declamatory essays bored the young members, who, having ceased to pay respect to the speaker, baited him into undignified bursts of violence. The failure both of his temper and his taste was painfully shown in the debates about the Regency. One who had been listening to him described him as having been 'wilder than ever,' having 'laid himself and his party more open than ever speaker did'; as 'folly personified, shaking his cap and bells under the laurel of genius'; and as 'finishing his wild speech in a manner next to madness.' There is a consensus of testimony both as to the neglect into which he had fallen, and as to its cause. The blame, therefore, cannot justly be laid on the aristocratic exclusiveness of the Whigs. Sheridan, whose talents, in spite of his rakishness and recklessness, were fully recognised by the party, was no more of an aristocrat than Burke.

Burke was so far carried away from his nobler self by his passions and by his evil association with Fox as to oppose and help in wrecking Pitt's beneficent measure of free trade between England and Ireland; a lapse the more notable as in general he was bravely true to the despised land of his birth.

Meantime he stuck to India. Its gorgeousness and its antiquities had fired his excitable fancy not less than the wrongs of its people had touched his heart. His speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debt showed that his immense industry was still devoted to the subject, and was sustained in the work alike by his love of ancient grandeur and by his sense of justice. That speech was

presently followed by the impeachment of Warren Hastings. By the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Burke no doubt struck a telling and memorable blow against tyrannical rapine, and for justice to the subject race; this must be the limit of our praise. In his attacks on Hastings he gave himself up to what now became a personal as well as a passionate hatred. He allied himself with Hastings's personal enemy, Francis, of whom he ought to have kept clear, and did not even want the indecency to propose that Francis should be one of the Managers. He reviled the illustrious accused to his face and in presence of that august tribunal in language of unspeakable grossness, calling him a wild beast who groaned in a corner over the dead and dying, a captain-general of iniquity, thief, tyrant, robber, cheat, sharper, swindler, regretting the inadequacy of those epithets, and saying that while it was foolish and indecent in Coke to call Sir Walter Raleigh a spider of hell, he would have been guilty of neglect of duty in not applying the name to Hastings. He drew upon himself the censure of the House of Commons by bringing against Hastings, without the authority of the House, the false charge of having judicially murdered Nuncomar by the hand of Elijah Impey.¹ He heaped indiscriminately on the head of Hastings, in whom his inflamed fancy saw the incarnation of Anglo-Indian tyranny and rapacity, all the crimes and cruelties, whether they were the personal acts of Hastings or not. Of the articles against Hastings and Impey, Sir FitzJames Stephen says that they are 'full of invective, oratorical matter, needless recitals, arguments, statements of evidence, and everything which can possibly serve to make an accusation difficult to understand and to meet'; that they are 'extremely tricky, being full of insinuations, and covering by their profusion of irrelevant matter the total and no doubt designed absence of averments essential to the conclusion which they were meant to support'; that, in short, they are 'as shuffling and disingenuous in substance as they are clumsy, awkward, and intricate in form.' Burke had abandoned himself to a hatred of Hastings, stimulated, no doubt, by his intercourse with Francis, which had overcome not only his sense of decency, but his sense of truth and justice.

Burke's temper had been spoiled. In no other sense had he

¹ It is too bad that Macaulay's brilliant falsehoods should still be current. The truth was put before him by Impey's son in a clumsy and unreadable book which he seems to have thought it safe, though it was not honest, to disregard.

gone mad, as Buckle strangely supposed he had, when he wrote against the French Revolution. That he was guilty of apostasy has been abundantly disproved. He had from the first been a reformer of abuses, but an enemy to change. His respect for monarchy had always been intense; his respect for aristocracy equally intense and in expression almost servile; his respect for the State Church most devout; and he had always deprecated every kind of parliamentary reform. His imagination, which too often mastered his reason, combined with his reason in attaching him to the past. No one denies that the 'Reflections on the French Revolution' are eloquent in a style which connoisseurs have labelled as 'Oriental,' but which they might with more truth, if with less refinement, have called Irish, for Burke was half-Irish in mind as well as in face. The purple passage on Marie Antoinette ranks high among purple passages, though by Francis, a good critic, whose opinion Burke had taken on his manuscript, it was condemned as 'pure foppery.' In anything that Burke wrote there could not fail to be a good deal of philosophy, sound in substance as well as admirably expressed, from the anti-revolutionary point of view. But, as a whole, the 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' considering the fearful gravity of the crisis and the dangerous character of the passions to which the appeal was addressed, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a literary crime.

The general view of the subject is not only inadequate, but false. A crisis at once political, economical, social, and religious, is treated as if it were political only, and as if the Revolution were merely a change, and almost a wanton change, of political institutions. Burke seems either to have been little observant of the great European movement, or to have been prevented by his prejudices from understanding its significance. To his 'Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs' the New Whigs might have replied that the times were new. But he treats the Revolution as if it had come suddenly from the pit of Tophet. He accuses the French of an insane breach of constitutional continuity when they had no constitutional continuity to break, and were so far from wantonly dissolving their connection with the past that in reviving the States General they had disinterred the past, even to the details of costume. He glozes over with the most palpable partiality the crimes and vices of the French monarchy, aristocracy, and Church. The passage in which he describes a State Church

as a charitable provision made by the people, who, in France, were eating grass, for the spiritual distresses and perils of the sorely tempted rich, is not only absurd but nauseous. About the state of the French peasantry he is silent, or tries to represent it as happy, because there had been an increase of population, as though reckless multiplication, whether in Ireland or in France, could be taken to denote a high scale of living. He makes no allowance for the dazzled vision of a nation which, after long lying in the darkness of despotism, had been suddenly brought into the light of freedom. He vilifies the *Tiers État* for having sent up as its representatives lawyers, physicians, and traders, instead of gentlemen, when he ought to have known that in France there was no gentry, nor anything intermediate between the class which he, though himself an offspring of it, treats with contempt and the *noblesse*. He accuses the Assembly of unfaithfulness to its mission in not acting on the presentation of grievances, when he ought to have known that it did. His chivalrous indignation at the thought of a look which had threatened Marie Antoinette with insult might have been less if he had thought fit to remember that the scandals about her had their origin, not in the *Halles* but in the Court, even if they had not been partly justified by indiscretions, such as gambling in public at Marli and midnight frolics in the Gardens of Versailles.

The present writer yields neither to Burke, nor to any one else, in his sense of the calamities brought upon mankind by the French Revolution, with the despotism of rapine in which it ended, and with the train of militarism and political passion which it has left behind, and of which the world is still full. He yields to no one in detestation of the tiger-monkeys who made the Reign of Terror, or in disgust at the immoral paradox which palliates or dallies with their crimes. But the right policy was that of standing aloof and allowing the volcano to exhaust its fires, as, if let alone, it would certainly have done. This, in fact, was the policy of Pitt. That it was abandoned, and that Great Britain became involved in the Revolutionary War and the war with Napoleon as its sequel, was largely due to the appeal too powerfully and successfully made to reactionary panic and passion by Burke. The British nation was safe enough against contagion if Burke would have let it alone. Imperfect as the Constitution then was, the mass of the people acquiesced in it. Burke himself treats the Revolutionary party as contemptible both in numbers and

influence. Compared with the part of the nation opposed to revolution he says it is a mere group of crickets noisily chirping in the same field with a silent herd of mighty oxen. Where then was the use of driving the oxen mad?

Burke's importance, however, was at once restored with a vengeance. He became the mentor of the Anti-Revolutionary party and of the Emigration. He almost became a power in Europe, accrediting as his envoy his indiscreet and meddling son, in whom his fond fancy saw a budding genius. It is evident enough how Pitt and Dundas felt towards the amateur ambassador and his sire.

The 'Letters on a Regicide Peace' are full of wild declamation. Their very title condemns them. What had England to do with French regicide? Had Mazarin or Don Louis de Haro refused to treat with the regicide Commonwealth of England? Negotiation with the 'red fool-fury' of the Terror might have been difficult as well as repulsive. But with the installation of the Directory the Revolutionary paroxysm ended, and thenceforth to assert that France had not a regular Government and one capable of negotiation was absurd. How long was the crusade against regicide to go on? Till Louis XVI. had been brought to life again?

Burke has credit for political prophecy. No great foresight was required to surmise that anarchy would end in military despotism. The example of Cromwell was suggestive. Burke fancied at one time that the military power of France would depart; he fancied that the Departments would become so many separate Republics and throw off the yoke of the central Government; he fancied that there would be a domination of bankers. The sphere in which he is a real prophet is not the political but the ethical. He did discern moral tendencies and consequences discernible by no ordinary eye. In a passage of his letters¹ he traces with admirable skill and truth the connection between the loose sentimentality of Rousseauism and the indulgence of murderous passions in the Reign of Terror.

That Burke, when he wrote the 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' though the victim of a temporary frenzy, was in no other sense mad is proved, if proof were needed, by the appearance two years afterwards of the Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe on the removal of the disabilities of Irish Catholics, a production as

¹ *Correspondence*, III., 214-215, ed. 1844.

sane, as liberal, and as wise as anything he ever wrote. His conduct in championing the Catholic claims was the more chivalrous because his Catholic connection had through life exposed him to calumny and suspicion. There is some reason for believing that his arguments at the time made a favourable impression upon George III., whose mind perhaps was opened to them by his alliance with Catholic monarchies against the atheist Republic. In the end other influences unhappily prevailed, and the country rues at the present hour the rejection of Burke's policy of Catholic emancipation.

In practically applying the lessons of Burke's political philosophy, it should be borne in mind that since he wrote a more than eventful century has passed. Political experience has been vastly extended and varied, largely by the sequel of that Revolution against which he passionately fought. History generally, and the comparative history of institutions in particular, have been more rationally studied. A great number of experiments has been made, and observation has garnered the fruits. Science, if her spirit has not yet triumphed in the political field, has begun to make her influence felt there. The value of mere custom and tradition as guides has consequently declined, and we need no longer keep hold of the hands of our fathers, like children feeling their way in the dark. Political instruction on scientific principles can be now undertaken with far better assurance of success than it could in the days of Sieyès. It has, in fact, been undertaken with more or less of success—certainly with a general improvement on the past—in most of the European communities. What will be the result of the Japanese experiment it is yet too early to say. But, at all events, innovations strictly theoretic and regardless of the previous history, traditions, and character of the Japanese people, which to Burke would have appeared insane, have been made, and so far there has been no catastrophe. That theory may still be chimerical we have overflowing proof. But the day of adherence to mere tradition, much more to blind prejudice, is past.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

*MEMOIRS OF A SOUDANESE SOLDIER*¹

(ALI EFFENDI GIFOON).

Dictated in Arabic to and translated by

Captain Percy Machel,.

Late Commandant 12th Soudanese.

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION.

As the time drew near when my ten years' service with the Egyptian Army would expire, and I should have to leave the Soudanese battalion, which, as second in command in 1888, I had helped to raise, and which I had commanded for the last four years, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to some who have served with the blacks, and who have possibly become as much attached to them as I have myself, to read such an account as I might be able to work together of the life of one who is a type of a rapidly expiring class.

Ali Effendi Gifoon, at present yousbashi (captain) and honorary adjutant-major of the 12th Soudanese Battalion, enjoys the respect of every officer and man who knows him. Wearing the order of the Medjidieh, the Khedive's star, the English medal, the French medal for the Mexican campaign, bearing the date 1862-67, and the names of numerous engagements in that country, also the French gold decoration 'Pour Valeur et Discipline,' which was pinned on his breast by Napoleon III. at Paris, he is a grand specimen of a Soudanese soldier.

Born on the banks of the White Nile some sixty years ago, he hunted, fished, and fought, a naked savage, until he was about twenty-one years old. Then, falling by mischance into the hands of the Baggara Arabs, he was handed over a slave, as part of the Government tax, and became a soldier.

For several years he marched and fought, wherever ordered, in various parts of the Soudan, until he eventually found his way,

¹ Copyright in the United States of America.

with his battalion, to Egypt. When the French became involved in their Mexico expedition, finding that their negro troops sustained the climate of the South American coast when their own soldiers suffered and died, Said Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, was asked for the services of a negro brigade, and Ali Gifoon was amongst the numbers of those who went. On the return of the troops from Mexico, the Soudanese landed at Toulon and were taken to Paris, where they paraded before the Emperor, and were allowed to visit the city. Returning to Egypt, Ali Gifoon once more went to the Soudan, and was quartered on the borders of Abyssinia for some sixteen years. Then the Mahdi arose, and he relates his experiences of the rebellion and his final escape.

On return to Egypt he was posted as an officer to the 10th Soudanese Battalion under Donne Bey, and in 1889 was promoted *yousbashi* (captain) into the 12th.

In all the actions and expeditions which have taken place at Suakin, at Tokar, and on the Nile frontier in our own time, Ali Gifoon has been to the fore. On the line of march he leads the singing which carries the battalion along over miles of desert; in sickness and in want his purse is open to every one of his 'children,' and there is not a poorer man in the battalion than the adjutant-major.

I used to occasionally assemble the recruits and call upon him to give them a lecture, in such language as they could understand, upon all they must now strive to be.

'Never think of yourselves, we are all the servants of His Highness the Khedive. Every order given is issued with a view to the advancement of the interests of the service, and must be instantly and cheerfully obeyed. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, wounds, death, are all necessary incidents in a soldier's life. But "*kul meri*" (it is all for the Government), and every bugle-call must be obeyed alike. There are other battalions in the army, and other armies in the world, but every recruit must clearly understand that his fortune was indeed great when he was posted to the best of all battalions, the 12th Soudanese.'

In this way Ali Eff. Gifoon helped to create among the men as they joined such a spirit as made it a pleasure to serve with them. Nothing was a trouble, every man would go till he dropped. The French Marshal Fôret, who commanded for some time in Mexico, said of them in one of his reports:—'*Ce ne sont pas des soldats, ce sont des lions.*' And now that the time has

come when I must leave them, I take this opportunity of recording the simple story of an old soldier who can neither read nor write, but who is a worthy representative of those Soudanese with whom I have had the honour to serve during the past ten years.

P. MACHELL.

The following is the story of Ali Effendi Gifoon's life taken down from his own lips:—¹

I was born at Fashoda, on the White Nile, in about the year 1836, my parents being of the Shilluk tribe, whose country extended along the west bank of the river, from Kaka on the north as far as Toomo at the beginning of the Bahr el Ghazal.

My name in my own country was Lwaldeed, and my father's name was Maikêr. The headquarters of the Shilluks was at Fashoda, and here our king, Meg Niadôk Wad Yôr, administered the government, which was of the best and strictest description.

The Shilluk were essentially a law-abiding people, who recognised the necessity of firm and steady control.

A high standard of morality prevailed, polygamy or divorce being unknown, and serious offences being punished with instant death. Marriages were performed by the cogoor, or high priest, and could never be annulled.

The only individual exempted from the otherwise universal law of monogamy was the mek, who constantly varied his household, and was the father of some fifty sons.

In the event of its being found necessary to inflict upon any man punishment other than death, the mek would order him to be deprived of a part or the whole of all he had in the world.

A system of thorough decentralisation, with complete chain of responsibility throughout, was carefully observed, and orders were issued and discipline maintained much in the same way as in a well-regulated battalion.

Our king was at this time practically independent, and no official or soldier of the Egyptian Government had yet been seen in our country, but he paid a yearly tribute of cattle, ivory, and hippopotamus hide to the Governor of the Soudan at Khartoum.

¹ It may interest our readers to remind them that the brave soldier whose life is here told by himself, and with a directness and simplicity like that of Cæsar's Gallic War, is at the moment fighting the battles of England and Egypt on the Nile.—ED. Cornhill.

Though the hand of every man of our tribe was against that of every other, yet for all internal purposes we were as one; the imperative necessities of our 'foreign policy' rendering it essential that the most absolute unanimity should prevail among us. Thus, though the property of the Denka, the Nueir, and the Nooba was regarded as our natural objective, and while we were always ready to kill or die in its acquisition, yet for one Shilluk to steal from another was impossible.

Our religion was of the simplest. We only knew that we had been put in a country which we believed to be the finest in the world by some Power which we could neither see nor understand. Respect for the old was a marked feature in our constitution, and this led us on to believe that there was One, who was oldest and wisest of all, who had originally placed us where we were. We thought of this Being as Father of our grandfathers, and called him Go-ôk.

We had no idea of heaven or hell, but believed that when we died our bodies, having served their purpose, returned to nothing, while the spirits of the wisest and best, indefinitely commingling with those of the vast number of our fore-elders, became absorbed in the great Go-ôk, and helped to strengthen the ruling power of the Unknown.

There was no prayer nor individual worship; but in each district there was one tukl, or conical-shaped hut, of better quality than the rest, where the cogyoor would commune with the Father Spirit when rain or fine weather or success in war was desired.

We had no schools; but we were all natural fishermen and hunters, devoting ourselves to the acquirement and mastery of every branch of woodcraft which would tend to assist us in outmanœuvring the elephant, the giraffe, and every species of fish and animal life with which the swamps and forests of our country abounded.

Our arms consisted of nothing but spears, the iron for which we obtained from Khartoum. We had no swords, nor bows, nor arrows. We carried shields (quét) and clubs of various kinds—the longeh, the oleila, and the lôl.

Our women wore the 'furwah,' or goatskin, round their waist, but the men went entirely naked; no one except the mek and his wakeel, who wore the Arab tôb, procured from Khartoum, wearing covering of any kind.

We bestowed the greatest care upon the dressing of our hair, which was fashioned into fantastic shapes and plastered with gum or cow-dung to retain it in its position.

Our bare bodies were anointed with a preparation of cow-dung and wood-ashes, intended to keep off the flies and other insects.

We grew no vegetables, and our food consisted of meat, milk, and durra, cooked in various ways peculiar to our own country. From time to time Meg Niadôk would give orders for a ghazweh, or raiding party, to go and seize the cattle of a neighbouring tribe. Some hundreds of us would go out, all on foot, and armed as described above. Sometimes we went west against the Takallas, and even to the foot of the Nooba Hills. At other times we crossed over in our canoes to raid the Denkas on the east bank, or went up stream and fell upon the Nueir. The Denka tribe nearest to Fashoda were the Abialang, the Areng, the Dengyôl, and the Fanchiang, and it was with these that we were in almost daily conflict. Our plan was to surprise a herd of cattle and attempt to drive it off. The owners would gather together and resist us, when sometimes we succeeded in beating them off, and sometimes we were compelled to retire empty-handed, with the loss of killed and wounded. When not engaged in raiding, we employed ourselves in fishing and in hunting elephants, giraffes, and antelopes of various kinds. The usual method of hunting an elephant was to prepare a large pit, which we afterwards covered over with wood and branches, and then endeavoured to drive a herd across it. If one fell in, it was unable to escape, and we killed it with our spears. The giraffes we usually caught by setting nooses between trees, and entangling them as they passed. The river was full of hippopotami, which frequently were a source of great danger to us in our small canoes. I remember once crossing the Nile with a woman on a raft, when a hippopotamus leapt out of the water close beside us. The raft was upset and the woman drowned, but I succeeded in swimming ashore. On another occasion, I was crossing in a canoe with my brother, who was towing behind us a calf we had taken from the other bank. A hippopotamus made a rush at the calf and seized it, upsetting the boat and throwing us both into the water. Fortunately the hippopotamus was contented to satisfy himself with the calf, and my brother and I reached the shore in safety.

If one was aware that one of these monsters was watching, it

was usually possible to keep him at a distance by making a loud noise and continually beating the water with the paddles, but their cunning and daring were remarkable.

Our hunting expeditions sometimes involved us in fights with other tribes, as the following will show.

One winter I formed one of a party which went out to hunt elephants, tatel, and gazelle. In the course of our wanderings we came across a number of Arabs of the Kowahileh tribe, under their chief, Shaggeh. We fought, and eventually had to retire with the loss of five of our number. When we reached Fashoda and told the mek, he ordered four villages to go out and avenge our defeat. Accordingly we started under Sheikh Kordyet, Sheikh Akyen, Sheikh Mergo, Sheikh Akôr, and Anai, and, after marching for five days, reached the foot of Gebel Moreng. Here we learned that the Arabs had withdrawn to the top of the mountain, where they occupied a very strong position. So Sheikh Akyen decided to conceal the greater part of his force in an ambuscade at the foot of the hill, while he himself, with Anai, and the men of their two villages, climbed up and induced the Arabs to attack them. When the Arabs saw that the party climbing the hill was not large, they left their stronghold and came down towards Akyen, who turned and fled until he succeeded in drawing them into our midst. We fought till noon, when the Arabs drew off and retired up their hill. Next morning they attacked us again, but this time we thoroughly routed them, and carried off large quantities of their cattle. The sheep of this tribe, which were of an especially fine black-faced breed, were held in high estimation, and we were received with great acclamation on our return to Fashoda.

While I was still a very young man, there arrived among us a Dongolowi of the name of Mahomed el Kheir, who described himself as a Moslem fiki, and stated that he had been until lately settled in Takalla. He was completely destitute, having nothing but his tôb, his abreek, a staff, and his beads, and lived among us for about a year. At the end of that time he left for the north, whence he shortly returned, bringing with him two large boats, men, and guns. Then he commenced the business of an elephant hunter, and traded in gum and ivory, hiring horses from the Baggara tribes,¹ and engaging the Shilluks to supplement his Danagala as horsemen. I served for a year myself as one of these,

¹ The Baggaras are the tribe to which the present Khalifa belongs. They are the chief support of his tyranny.

and often we crossed over in the fiki's large boats to shoot elephants, giraffes, and buffaloes on the Denka side.

Up till now we had not killed elephants with a view to selling their tusks. A certain amount of ivory was required for payment of the mek's annual tribute to the Governor-General at Khartoum; but, with this exception, we used it to make our ornaments with, and a common practice was to make the framework of the roof of our sheikhs' houses with especially fine tusks.

One day when out hunting with Mahomed el Kheir, we came upon a splendid herd of about a hundred elephants. A single gunshot was fired into their midst in order to break them up; then, selecting one of their number, all of us, eight horsemen, charged and threw our spears. He was struck by some, and then we surrounded him and fired at him, when he fell, wounded in the side. As we approached, however, he rose and struggled into the brushwood. One of our men, an Arab named Kheirallah, went in to kill him, when the elephant rose again, and tearing up a small tree with his trunk, crushed both man and horse. Then the bull stood at bay, facing us all. My uncle, Aour Buing, advanced with his spear, and I followed him. When we came within striking distance, my uncle threw his spear and smote him in his hind quarters. We then made off in different directions. The elephant turned to follow me, and pursued me for some three hundred yards, when I tripped and fell into a narrow khor, dropping my spear. The elephant stooped and tried to gore me with his tusks as he passed over me, but, failing to reach me, ploughed up the ground until he fell in an exhausted condition.

I was too frightened and he was too much exhausted to rise, so we looked at each other till my uncle came and carried me away, and our men despatched the elephant, who was now helpless.

Another time we were out hunting elephants on our own Shilluk side, in the Dengo district, where there were no hills, but only large wooded plains extending as far as one could see. We had tracked a herd all day and came up with them towards evening. Then a shot was fired in order to separate them. Quite a young elephant passed close to me, and, determining to seize it, I unrolled my t^ôb, which I was wearing on account of the cold, and fastened it round its neck. Then began a tug-of-war, and the cries of my baby elephant soon brought its mother back to its assistance. I luckily escaped during the confusion caused by the

full-grown elephant tearing and rending the tôle which I had tied round the calf's neck.

We subsequently secured a considerable amount of ivory on this expedition, but on our return we completely lost our way, and had a narrow escape from dying of thirst. When it became clear that we had absolutely lost our path, we decided to separate into two parties, one party of four going one way, and the other another.

The party which took the path to our right presently made a fire in order to clear their path; but a sudden change in the wind caused the flames to come in our direction, and we had given all up for lost, when a lucky strip of bare ground saved us. Then we pursued our way, suffering terribly from thirst as we went. One of our number presently fell from his horse in an unconscious state, and we had no choice but to leave him where he fell. We had not gone more than a few yards, when an enormous kite swooped down and literally tore him to pieces. This impelled us to fresh exertion, and we pushed on towards the east until our horses carried us into the Nile. I was blind and almost unconscious; but next morning we rallied, and, meeting some of our people, were assisted on our return journey to Fashoda.

Mahomed Kheir's headquarters were at this time at Kaka, and our mek, growing apprehensive of his ever-increasing power and influence, went to visit the sheik of that district, Agak, and warned him of the danger the Shilluk were incurring in permitting this growth of a possibly hostile power in their midst. Accordingly, he instructed Sheikh Agak to have the fiki killed, but Agak assured him there was no danger, that he knew him well, and that he would be personally responsible that no evil effects ensued. Matters went on quietly at Fashoda until this same Agak of Kaka made an attempt to overthrow our Mek Niadôk, who had governed us for more than forty years, wishing to replace him by his brother Otur. The latter commenced hostilities by proceeding to Fashoda with the men of his village, and raiding Mek Niadôk's cattle. This lawless act greatly incensed us, and the mek, sending for all our sheikhs, told them that during the time he had reigned over the Shilluks he had never wronged one of them, and that internal dissension of this description being fatal to their interests as a tribe, such conduct as that of Agak could not be tolerated for an instant. When the time came for himself to give up the government it would be duly decided, but in the meantime

no one must attempt to interfere with the dignity of his position as king of the Shilluks. Accordingly orders were given for a combined attack to be made upon Otur, who was to be annihilated with all his people. Deng Mergôh proceeded in command of the expedition, which in due course came in sight of Otur's village one morning at dawn. Our right flank under Deng Mergôh remained upon the river bank, and we extended in a long line inland. All were yet asleep, and no watch was kept, but presently Otur, who was himself the first to appear, leapt alone from his zeriba and rushed upon our line. He killed the first man he met, and our line hesitated before his impetuous attack, followed closely as it was by that of his men. Our right, under Deng Mergôh, stood fast and repelled the attack of the men of Gul Banyo, the village of Abdullah Eff. Kor, who is now a mulazim in the 13th Soudanese.¹ The remainder advancing again, we entered the village and slew Otur, with all his people. Soon after this, and not long before I left my country, Mek Niadôk was murdered by Otur's youngest son. This man, Wad Otur, determined to avenge his father's death, secretly arrived in Fashoda, and succeeded in reaching Niadôk's zeriba during the night. Cutting the piece of rope which secured the door of the mek's house, Wad Otur crept in with his spear. Niadôk seized up his own, and each stabbed the other with such effect that the aggressor died on the spot and the mek some two days later. Before his death he ordered that all his possessions should be equally distributed among his children, and appointed his eldest son Agyang to succeed him as mek. But on Niadôk's death all was confusion, and Agyang proved himself quite unfit to succeed his father. Sheikh Agak, of Kaka, then came down, and, having re-established order, appointed one Quet Kair to finally succeed Niadôk.

All this time Fiki Mohamed el Kheir had been gaining wealth and power, and, seizing his opportunity, while the Shilluk were in this unsettled state, he suddenly murdered Sheikh Agak and shot down all his men. Then he allied the Baggara Arabs with himself and devastated the northern portion of our country. Mek Quet Kair sent an urgent appeal to Khartoum, begging for assistance and protection due to him in virtue of his annual tribute to the Egyptian Government.

A force of soldiers, all Soudanese, under command of Yoosif

¹ The 13th Soudanese, commanded by Major Collinson, is now at the front.—
ED. Cornhill.

Pasha el Shellali, a Turk, was sent up from Khartoum, and on their approach Mahomed el Kheir fled to Fungur, where he sought the protection of his allies, the Baggaras. The pasha, being unable to follow him, arranged with one Wad Teymer of Kordofan to effect his capture. Wad Teymer tracked him down and succeeded in deceiving him with promises on behalf of the Egyptian Government. But, having got the fiki into his power, he cut off his head and sent it to Khartoum.

One day, when I suppose I was about twenty-three years old, being married and having a daughter of three or four years of age, I started on a ghazweh, or raiding party, ordered by our mek to proceed to El Meeleh in the Fungur district, due west of Fashoda, whither large herds of Baggara cattle used to resort for the winter grazing. We marched out a large party, and fell upon the cattle one morning at dawn. We carried off an immense number, and killed the few Baggara we found in charge, Howazmeh, sheikh of the Gadûm, among them.

We had accomplished some twenty-four hours of the return journey, and were marching our spoil through the dense grass and undergrowth which lay between us and the Nile, when the Baggara, who had assembled and followed us, attacked in overwhelming force. We fought desperately, but were completely outnumbered. I was first wounded on my ear, then on my knee and fell helpless to the ground.

My brother Guma, seeing my condition, came to my assistance, but was killed while endeavouring to protect me from the Baggara spears. In this way I fell into the hands of the great slave-dealers of the Soudan, and left my native country.

Day after day I was urged along, wounded as I was, my head in a shéber, or wooden yoke, the other end of which was fastened to the hump of an ox. Whenever I lagged or showed signs of falling I was severely beaten with korbashes, and when we halted for the night I was bound in such a manner as to render sleep impossible.

One night, when all were asleep, I managed to loosen my bonds, and, carrying the other end of my shéber in my hands in front of me, I fled for my life in the direction of my home. All that night I struggled on, wounded and broken as I was, until, having crossed a small river on my way and quenched my thirst, the sun rose. Never pausing, I pressed on, when suddenly I heard distant sounds behind me, and I knew the Baggara were

on my track. Making for where the brushwood was thickest, I crawled in and lay motionless, hoping against hope that I might not be found. But the horsemen followed my tracks with unerring accuracy, their task being rendered an easy one on account of rain having fallen during the night, and soon I was dragged from my hiding-place and beaten till I knew no more.

When I recovered my senses, I was tied by my yoke to a horse's saddle. The horse was urged into a gallop, and if I had fallen I should have broken my neck. This and the perpetual beating would very soon have ended my sorrows for ever, had not an old man, by name El Bokhari, interfered in my behalf, saying I was worth preserving alive, and that if they continued to treat me in this manner I should surely die. So he had me loosed from the horse, and made me walk by his side, carrying the end of my yoke in my hands, until we reached the camp from which I had escaped. Here even the women cursed and beat me, but Bokhari rescued me again, making one of his own men responsible that I was not allowed out of his sight, lest I be beaten to death.

During the remainder of this journey, which lay through Beled Obo, Fungur, through the country of the Kenana, and on past Gebel Dair, I was always bound to an ox by day, and secured hand, foot, and neck by night, until at last we reached the zeribas on the outskirts of El Obeid. That afternoon Bokhari bargained long with another Arab for a Dongolowi horse which he greatly coveted, and in part-payment for which he wished to sell me. The horse was examined, and I was sounded with equal care by my possible purchaser. The bargain, however, apparently fell through, for next morning I was handed over as a part of the Baggara tax to Government, and thus I entered upon my military career. I understood that I was handed over to the Government as part of the Baggara's annual tax (*tulbeh el murdan*) which they paid in cattle or in slaves, which they captured from time to time.

The Mudir of Kordofan at this period was a Turk named Hassan Pasha Helmi, and the troops consisted of the Third Regiment (four battalions) of Soudanese under a Turkish colonel, and two battalions of the Fifth Regiment, which had recently arrived from Egypt with a view to assisting in a projected attack upon the Takallas, who had obstinately refused to pay their tax.

(To be continued.)

MÉNAGIANA.

AN OLD FRENCH JESTBOOK.

JESTBOOKS are proverbially dull. Wit always shows best against a background of seriousness. At the same time we owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have been in the habit of writing down the bright things that have been said in their time. Such collections are not to be read through, but to be turned over and sipped. Those are the pleasantest in which many ingredients mingle, so that the page is sometimes grave and sometimes gay. Of all the countless *ana* that have been given to the world, although some have been connected with far more distinguished names, the most agreeable, so far as I know, are those for which we have to thank the friends of Gilles Ménage, the omnivorous reader and very militant scholar of the seventeenth century, who was born at Angers in 1613, and ended his long life only in 1692. Bayle, who was his warm admirer, called him the Varro of his times; but many of his contemporaries were less amiable, and hailed him by other titles by no means equally polite. He published poems, and wrote in prose on innumerable subjects, amongst others on Tasso, on Diogenes Laertius, on Terence, on Lucian, on Women Philosophers, on Malherbe, on the origins of the Italian language and on the origins of French. His book on the last-named topic was considered, in the earlier part of this century, as still of some value. It is only, however, in the last few decades that etymology has become an exact science, sternly demanding proofs for every assertion. Less than fifty years ago there was a well-known tutor in Oxford, whose etymology was so wild that it was declared that he derived 'tea-pot' from *tepeo*. The same kind of reproach was made to Ménage; and to the discussions which took place about his etymology we owe an amusing epigram:

Alfana vient d'équus sans doute,
Mais il faut avouer aussi
Qu'en venant de là jusqu'ici
Il a bien changé sur la route.

Alfana, I may mention, is a Spanish word for a strong and spirited horse.

'Ménagiana,' the book by which Ménage is and will be best

remembered, is described, on the title-page of the Amsterdam edition of 1693, as *bons mots, rencontres agréables, pensées judicieuses et observations curieuses*. It grew out of the conversations which took place, especially at the Wednesday gatherings in his house, which he called his 'Mercuriales,' and the daily gatherings which he established after he was prevented by bad health from leaving his own apartments. The edition which I have just mentioned is in one small volume; but later there appeared one in two volumes, and that which is considered the best was published at Paris in 1715 and consists of four volumes. I can best give an idea of a book, which ought to be better known than it is to our generation, by turning over the pages, and quoting the passages which I chanced to mark on my last perusal of it. There is not the slightest attempt at arrangement. Remarks on the most diverse subjects, and anecdotes connected with times the most remote from each other, are found side by side.

To say that the wit of Ménage and his friends is sometimes less restrained than befits the drawing-rooms of our relatively decorous age, is only to say that he and they belonged to their century; but the vast majority of his pages may be read aloud by any one. I propose to cite some specimens of the kind of matter to be found in the book, sometimes translating and sometimes abridging the text.

'They talked at the Hôtel de Rambouillet of the spots recently discovered on the disc of the sun, which might lead people to apprehend that it was becoming less powerful. Just at that moment M. Voiture came in, and Mlle. de Rambouillet said to him: "Well, what news is there?" "Mademoiselle," he said, "il court de mauvais bruits sur le soleil."'

'M. de B. said to me some little time ago that "The verses of Huet were pretty." "They pass beyond the pretty," I replied. "You are like the man who, seeing the sea for the first time, said that it was a pretty thing."'

Readers of Dean Church's book on the 'Oxford Movement' will remember a grave parallel to this. R. H. Froude remarked one day to the author of the 'Christian Year,' who was then his tutor, that he thought Law's 'Serious Call' was a clever book. Keble made no answer at the time, but said just before parting: 'Froude, you said you thought Law's "Serious Call" was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight.' This speech, Froude told Isaac Williams, had a great effect on his after life,

'A Bernardine and a Benedictine happened to meet at a country inn, and were full of courtesy to each other about grace, each pressing on his companion the honour of blessing the table. At last the Bernardine said: "Benedictus Benedicat." The Benedictine, not to be outdone in politeness, said: "Bernardus Bernardet."

'I held one of the hands of Madame de S. in mine. When she had taken it away, Monsieur Pelletier said to me: "Voilà le plus bel ouvrage qui soit jamais sorti de vos mains."

'Some one called the attention of the late M. de — to the magnificent Cathedral of Coutances. "Was that made in this district?" he inquired.'

'Two persons were talking of some business. One of them said: "Assume, sir, that you owe me 10,000 crowns." The other immediately interrupted him with the words: "Pray have the goodness to make some other hypothesis."

'M. de B., contemplating one day two figures of Justice and Peace kissing each other, which were sculptured above a fireplace, said to a friend: "Look, they are kissing each other; they are saying Adieu, never to meet again."

'At the last sermon of a mission in a country parish everybody wept, save one peasant. Another asked him: "Why don't you weep?" "I do not," he replied, "belong to this parish."

Here is a story which is always cropping up, and will probably long continue to do so, fitted on to some well-known personage of the time. It used to be told, forty years ago, of Lady Jersey going to the Chapel in Curzon Street; and was told in London last century about some one else:

'Mme. de B., arriving too late for mass one Sunday at twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, said to her lackey: "Go and write my name."

Lady Jersey was supposed to have put it somewhat differently, remarking to her daughter as she turned away, finding all the seats filled: 'Well, my dear, at least we have done the civil thing.'

'An Italian, much given to haranguing, who had very few auditors, addressed them with the words: "Pochissimi Signori."

'The Archdeacon of Auxerre, who was in the habit of screaming in the pulpit, said, in speaking of Bourdaloue: "He preaches *fort bien*, and I *bien fort*."

'There was shown to me one day an extremely good picture of St. Bruno, and I was asked what I thought of it. I replied

instantan: "He would speak if it were not for the obligation of his rule."

'M. de Varillas said to me: "Poor old Cardinal Baronius with his twelve big volumes. If the good God had not stood by him, he would have written a great many more."'

'A priest having to make a panegyric on St. Augustine in a diocese of Gascony, the bishop sent for him, and, wishing to tell him not to speak on the controverted subject of Grace, said: "I wish to banish Grace from my diocese."'

'Some one remarked to Casaubon in the Hall of the Sorbonne: "They have disputed for four hundred years in this Hall." He replied: "What have they decided?"'

'Pope Innocent XI. was the son of a banker; he was elected on the Feast of St. Matthew, and the same day there appeared on Pasquin's statue: *Invenerunt hominem sedentem in telonio*—They found a man sitting at the receipt of custom.'

'The Marquis del Carpio, Viceroy of Naples, was entering a church at Madrid, and gave the holy water to a lady who entered at the same moment, on one finger of whose very ugly hand was an extremely beautiful diamond. He said, loud enough to be heard: "I should prefer the ring to the hand"; and she, taking hold of the collar of the order which he was wearing, replied: "And I should prefer the halter to the donkey."'

'We of Angers pronounce the letters M and N *Âme* and *Âne*. One of our Angevins, who was obliged to read a document which commenced with "Ego N," the letter N being illuminated in red, began: "Ego, *Âne rouge*."'

'M. de M. was interred in the dress of a Capuchin. A woman, whose husband he had had put to death, called out in the middle of the funeral: "It's all very well for you to disguise yourself. Our Lord will know you nevertheless."'

Balzac—the scholar of the seventeenth, not the novelist of the nineteenth century—had a habit of collecting good things for the purpose of bringing them in on fitting occasions in his writings. When he and Ménage were talking one day of what was wanted to make people happy, the latter said: '*Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas*.' 'Balzac begged me,' says Ménage, 'not to publish this, because he wished to use it somewhere, and use it he did.' More than two hundred years had to pass away before an eminent person, who had the same habit as Balzac, made it famous through all the English-speaking world, which believed it to be his own.

Lord Beaconsfield's greatest art did not consist in saying good things on the spur of the moment; he evolved most of his good things while mooning about during the recess under the beeches of Hughenden. Those were the same trees, passing under which he observed to a Hungarian lady of large property and practical turn of mind: 'This is one of Nature's solitudes!' and received from her the slightly discouraging answer: 'Why don't you keep pigs?'

The old Balzac was quite as famous in his day as the modern one. Ménage says of him that he was the real founder of French as it was spoken in his day: 'l'auteur de notre langue, telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui.'

It was he, too, who delighted Ménage by saying, when the latter had procured for him in one of his controversies the assistance of Milton's celebrated opponent: 'Non homini sed scientiæ deest quod nescivit Salmasius.' With this may pair off, by the way, a remark put into the mouth of a famous scholar of our own day:

I am the Master of this College,
And what I know not is not knowledge.

Here is a brief epitaph on a doctor:

'Cy-git, par qui gisent les autres;'

which is not, however, nearly so good as the answer made to Frederick the Great by one of his Generals, when he threatened, if defeated in his next battle, to abdicate, go off to Venice and practise as a physician: 'Toujours assassin?' The old Scottish gentleman near the Border was hardly less happy, when he said to his son, who was leaving him to settle as a doctor in Carlisle: 'Gang awa' man, gang awa', and avenge Flodden!'

'St. Michael knocked at the gate of Paradise. "Who is there?" inquired St. Peter. "A Carmelite nun," was the reply. "We get nothing but Carmelite nuns here. I'll open when there are a dozen ready to come in."'

To Ménage, too, we owe the well-known story of the Jew, who, surprised by a thunderstorm when eating some ham, said: 'What a fuss about a little piece of pork!' but Ménage tells it of a gentleman eating an omelette when he ought to have been fasting.

'M. de Benserade, speaking at the Academy of the thanksgivings which had taken place for the restored health of the King, said: "The merchant leaves his business to hurry to the altars, the artisan leaves his work, the doctor leaves his patient—and the patient is all the better."'

The following is historically important. 'I was present at the first representation of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. Mlle. de Rambouillet was there, Mme. de Grignan, all the Hôtel Rambouillet, M. Chapelain and several other persons of my acquaintance. The piece was played with general approval, and I was myself so well pleased that I saw at once the effect which it would produce. As I left the theatre, taking M. Chapelain by the hand, I said: "You and I approved all the follies which have been so well criticised; but, believe me, to use the words of St. Remy to Clovis, we must burn what we adored, and adore what we burned."'

Arbitrators ought always to be unequal in number, 'On account,' says the Digest, 'of the natural faculty of men for disagreement.'

The saying, true or false, that the best way to have your books badly printed is to send a well-written manuscript, is as old as Ménage, who asserts that if you send them clearly written they are handed to apprentices, while if they are badly written the masters work at them themselves.

'M. de Chevreuil was so accustomed to speak in Latin that he said to his horse: "Non ibis, mala bestia, etiam admotis calcaribus."'

I have myself known a lady, anxious to avoid disturbing a rabbit, address her companion in French.

'A provincial who came every year to Paris used to say: "Je viens interrompre la prescription de la Barbarie."'

A French lady in our own times said to a clergyman from the uttermost parts of Scotland, who re-appeared in her once familiar drawing-room: 'Vous voici en règle avec la civilisation!'

'A Venetian, who had never before left the lagoons, found himself on an animal which would not stir. Taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he held it up and said: "No wonder this horse does not go forward; the wind is against him."'

'M. D., who had known intimately St. Charles Borromeo during his lifetime, finding himself in great danger from a tempest, soon after the canonisation of his friend, said: "Help me, St. Charles, because I knew you when you were alive."'

'Seneca tells of an old man who, asked to drink wine cooled with snow, replied: "*Ætas mea frigore suo contenta est.*"'

'William the Silent and Count Egmont had an interview before the former left for Germany. Egmont represented to his friend that he was taking a very unwise step, because the Spaniards

would immediately confiscate all his property. Finding that his arguments availed nothing, he said at last: "Adieu then, Prince without a Principality." "Adieu, Count without a head," replied the other.'

'They called the Palazzo Barberini at Rome "Mons Martyrum," on account of the number of people whom the Barberini had ruined in order to build it.'

The excellent remark made at the same time, with reference to the havoc wrought among ancient buildings for the same purpose, does not seem to have reached Ménage:

Quod non fecere Barbari fecere Barberini.

When the foolish outcry was raised against Lord Elgin, for saving the sculptures of the Parthenon from rapidly impending destruction, some one said:

Quod non fecerunt Gothi, hoc fecerunt Scoti.

A lady in India told me the following story, which had been related to her by the captain of the vessel which had brought her out to that country, as an incident in his own life. A clergyman, who was sailing with him, was so scandalised by the bad language of the sailors that he said he must really speak to them. The captain dissuaded this zealous personage from doing so, assuring him that their oaths meant very little, that as long as they went on abusing each other, with imprecations, he might be sure, even in the wildest weather, that there was no danger; but that if they ceased to do so, he might be equally sure that the state of affairs was serious. Soon afterwards wild weather did come on. The sailors grew more abusive and more imprecatory than ever. The wife of the clergyman, very much alarmed, called his attention to what was going on, and sent him on deck to listen. He came back and said: 'Thank God, all is well. They are cursing and swearing as heartily as one could desire.'

Of course the same circumstances may have recurred, and a P. & O. captain may really have had this experience; but the story is suspiciously like one in the second volume of 'Ménagiana' which ends thus. The Jesuit, who is the hero of it, sends his companion up from the hold to see what is going on. The companion returns and says: 'Hélas! mon père, tout est perdu, les matelots jurent comme des possédés, leurs blasphèmes seuls sont capables de faire abîmer le vaisseau.' 'Dieu soit loué,' répondit le Père; 'allez, allez, tout ira bien.'

The following is an excellent epitaph :

' Ci-git un très-grand personnage
Qui fut d'illustre lignage,
Qui posséda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours sage.
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.'

I remember these lines coming back to me years ago in the Nilgiris, when a clever young aide-de-camp told me a story of an officer, long since dead, who had risen from the ranks, but who could employ his tongue as effectively as his sword. Meeting a lady who much disliked him, he said : ' Good evening, Miss —, you are looking very handsome to-night.' ' I wish I could say the same, Major —.' ' Oh ! but you could, if you were to tell a lie, as I did.'

A man who had dangerous enemies consulted the oracle, asking whether he should leave the neighbourhood or stay at home. He received the reply, ' Domine stes securus.' Some days afterwards, however, his enemies burnt his house over his head ; he escaped with difficulty, and all too late discovered that what the oracle had said was ' Domi ne stes securus.'

In his earlier days the Duke of Alva was not thought as great a commander as he came to be considered later. When he was governor of the Milanese, some one addressed to him a letter in this form : ' To the most illustrious Duke of Alva, Captain-General of Milan in time of peace, and Great Chamberlain to His Majesty in time of war.'

Here is a bright little epigram from the days of the long and dreary squabble between Jansenius and his opponents. A pretty girl had gone to a masquerade as a Jesuit. Someone wrote :

' On s'étonne ici que Caliste
Ait pris l'habit de Moliniste.
Puisque cette jeune beauté
Ote à chacun sa liberté,
N'est-ce pas un Janséniste ?'

' Henri IV. said one day to the Spanish ambassador that, if he chose to mount his horse, he might go to hear mass at Milan, breakfast at Rome, and dine at Naples. " Sire," answered the ambassador, " if you rode at that pace, you might the same day manage to hear vespers in Sicily."

The same king was more fortunate when a Spanish ambassador — I know not whether the same or another — said to him : ' The

king my master will come to dispute that frontier at the head of fifty thousand men.' Henri IV. replied: 'Ce ne seront que des ombres,'—ombres being of course a play on the Spanish word for men—hombres.

'Balzac tells of a councillor who had a great fondness for sentences of death. The President of the tribunal with which he was connected, having asked his opinion on a case which had just been concluded, he started suddenly from sleep and said that the man should have his head cut off. "But," said the President, "the question is about a meadow." "Then let it be mown!"'

On the same page on which this is recorded occurs a remark which might console some persons for not succeeding the late Lord Tennyson—that *poeta regius* means simply the king's fool. It appears that one gentleman had the advantage of being not only *poeta regius*, but also *poeta regineus*—fool both of the king and queen.

'A peasant was taking some pears to his new Seigneur, who was exceedingly ugly. As he entered the house he found two large apes dressed in uniform, and with swords at their sides. They seized his basket, and devoured each of them half a dozen of the best pears. The peasant, who had never seen creatures of this kind, saluted them courteously, and allowed them to do what they pleased. When he had made his present, his Seigneur, laughing, asked him why he had not brought his basket full. "Because," he replied, "*messieurs vos enfants* as I entered seized my basket and took those that are missing."'

Ménage is, however, very far from being always merry. His pages are thickly strewn with remarks of a different character, such as the following: 'Seneca uses a very happy phrase when, speaking of a great fire at Lyons, he says: "*Inter magnam urbem et nullam nox una interfuit.*"' And again: "'*L' universale non s'inganna.*" How that phrase pleases me! Seneca says on this subject: "*Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt!*"'

'I read and pronounce Greek as all Greece reads and pronounces it to-day.' How long will the enemies of youth succeed in keeping up the detestable custom against which Ménage protested in these wise words? If only Bishop Gardiner, who had sensible views on the pronunciation of Greek, had, instead of burning persons for erroneous opinions about matters on which certainty was not attainable, filled Smithfield from end to end,

all day and every day, with persons who taught its mispronunciation, how after generations would have risen up and called him blessed!

'After the battle of Nieuport, which Prince Maurice gained over the Archduke Albert, the horse of the latter fell into the hands of his enemies. Grotius says excellently well of this horse:—

... Pars haud temnenda triumphi,
Præda fui, fierem ne fugientis equus.

Erasmus speaks of a line as being celebrated among the Latins, but admits that he does not know the author. This is the famous

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

Ménage tells us that the first person to discover the real author was Galleottus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and who pointed out that it came from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gaultier, who was born at Lille, in Flanders, in the thirteenth century. Ménage gives the whole passage, in which the poet warns Darius that in fleeing from Alexander he will fall into the hands of Bessus:—

Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? Nescis, heu! perditæ, nescis
Quem fugias; hostes incurris dum fugis hostem.
Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

The line

Qui decumbit humi, non habet unde cadat,

which is said to have been quoted by Charles I., with reference to his own misfortunes, was attributed by Ménage to Ovid; but one of his editors discovered that it was composed by a modern poet, whom he calls Alain de l'Isle, and that it ran originally:—

*Tutior est locus in terra quam turribus altis.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.*

I may conclude by a copy of hendecasyllabics by Bonnefons, which surely deserves the praise which Ménage gives it of being as good Latin as that of the age of Augustus. This writer seems to have published a little collection of poems at Paris in 1587, which must be a real treasure if it contains much as exquisite as this. But a second specimen in elegiacs which Ménage quotes, though very good, does not seem to me so remarkable.

*Dic, Acus, mihi, quid meæ puellæ
Illa candidula, illa delicata*

Albis candidior manus ligustris,
Quid læves digiti tenellulique
Tantum commeruisse vel patrasse
Possunt, ut toties et hos et illam
Configas stimulo ferociente?

Ah ! ne molliculas manus inepta,
Ne læves digitos et immerentes,
At pectus stimulo acriore punge,
Pectus durius omnibus lapillis,
Durius scopulisque rupibusque,
Hic stylum altius altiusque fige,
Hic acuminis experire vires.
Quod si mollieris meam puellam,
Dic, quantam hinc referes superba laudem !
Hac te cuspide vulnerasse pectus,
Quod nullis potuit Cupido telis.

This would not, I think, have been disowned by him who sang the Sparrow of Lesbia. Let us hope that the fair one was kinder to her lover than that unedifying and imperious lady.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

A PARIAH.

‘I have heard that there is corn in Egypt.’

SLYNE’S CHARE is in South Shields, and Mason’s Chop House stands at the lower corner of Slyne’s Chare—Mason’s Chop House, where generations of honest Tyneside sailors have consumed pounds of honest mutton and beef, and onions therewith. For your true salt loves an onion ashore, which makes him a pleasanter companion at sea. Mason’s Chop House is a low-roofed, red-tiled, tarred cottage with a balcony—a ‘balcohny’ overhanging the river. It is quite evident that the ‘balcohny’ was originally built, and has subsequently been kept in repair, by ships’ carpenters. It is so glaringly ship-shape, so redolent of tar, so ridiculously strong.

The keen fresh breeze—and there is nothing keener, fresher, stronger, and wholesomer in the world than that which comes roaring up between the two piers of the Tyne—this breeze blows right through Mason’s, and blows the fume of cooking out into Slyne’s Chare.

It is evening—tea-time—and the day’s work is almost done ; for Mason’s does little in suppers. A bullet-headed boy is rubbing pewter pots at the door. Mrs. Mason, comfortably somnolent at the entrance of the little kitchen, watches her daughter—comely, grave-faced Annie Mason—‘our Annie,’ as she is called, who is already folding the table-cloths. A few belated customers linger in the partitioned loose-boxes which lend a certain small privacy to the tables, and often save a fight. They are talking in gruff, North-country voices, which are never harsh.

A man comes in, after a moment’s awkward pause at the open door, and seeks a secluded seat where the gas overhead hardly affords illumination. He is a broad-built man—a Tynesider ; not so very big for South Shields ; a matter of six feet one, perhaps. He carries a blue spotted handkerchief against his left cheek, and the boy with the pewter pots stares eagerly at the other. A boy of poor tact this ; for the customer’s right cheek is horribly disfigured. It is all bruised and battered in from the curve of a square jaw to the cheek-bone, which is broken. But the eye is

intact; a shrewd, keen eye, accustomed to the penetration of a Northern mist—accustomed to a close scrutiny of men's faces. It is painfully obvious that this sailor—for gait and clothes and manner, set aside all other crafts—is horribly conscious of his deformity.

'Got the toothache?' inquires the tactless youth.

The newcomer replies in the negative and orders a cup of tea and a herring. It is Annie who brings the simple meal and sets it down without looking at the man.

'Thanks,' he growls in his brown beard, and the woman pauses suddenly. She listens, as if hearing some distant sound. Then she slowly turns—for she has gone a step or two from the table—and makes a pretence of setting the salt and pepper closer to him.

Three ships had come up with the afternoon tide—a coaster, a Norwegian barque in ballast, and a full-rigged ship with nitrate from the West Coast of South America.

'Just ashore?' inquired Annie—economical with her words, as they mostly are round the Northern river.

'Ay!'

'From the West Coast?'

'Ay,' grumbles the man. He holds the handkerchief to his cheek and turns the herring tentatively with a fork.

'You'll find it's a good enough fish,' says the woman bluntly. Her two hands are pressed to her comely bosom in a singular way.

'Ay!' says the man again, as if he had no other word.

The clock strikes six, and the boy, more mindful of his own tea than his neighbour's ailments, slips on his jacket and goes home. The last customers dawdle out with a grunt intended for a salutation. Mrs. Mason is softly heard to snore. And all the while Annie Mason—all the colour vanished from her wholesome face—stands with her hands clutching her dress gazing down at the man, who still examines the herring with a self-conscious awkwardness.

'Geordie!' she says. They are all called Geordie in South Shields.

'Ay, lass!' he answers, shamefacedly.

Annie Mason sits down suddenly—opposite to him. He does not look up but remains, his face half hidden by the spotted blue handkerchief, a picture of self-conscious guilt and shame.

'What did ye did it for, Geordie?' she asks, breathlessly. 'Eleven years, come March—oh, it was cruel!'

'What did I do it for?' he repeats. 'What did I do it for? Why, lass, can't ye see my face?'

He drops the handkerchief, and holds up his poor scarred countenance. He does not look at her, but away past her with the pathetic shame of a maimed dog. The cheek thus suddenly exposed to view is whole and brown and healthy. Beneath the mahogany-coloured skin there is a glow singularly suggestive of a blush.

'Ay, I see your face,' she answers, with a note of tenderness for the poor scarred cheek. 'I hope you haven't been at the drink.'

He shakes his head with a little sad smile that twists up his one-sided mouth.

'Is it because you wanted to get shot of me?' asks the woman with a sort of breathlessness. She has large grey-blue eyes with a look of constant waiting in them—a habit of looking up at the open door at the sound of every footstep.

'D——n it, Annie. Could I come back to you with a face like this; and you the prettiest lass on the Tyneside?'

She is fumbling with her apron string. There is a half-coquettish bend of her head—with the grey hairs already at the temple—awakened perhaps by some far-off echo in his passionate voice. She looks up slowly, and does not answer his question.

'Tell us,' she says, slowly. 'Tell us where ye've been.'

'Been!—oh, I don't know, lass! I don't rightly remember. Not that it matters. Up the West Coast, trading backwards and forwards. I've got my master's certificate now. Serving first mate on board the *Mallard* to Falmouth for orders, and they ordered us to the Tyne. I brought her round—I knew the way. I thought you'd be married, lass. But maybe ye are?'

'May be I'm daft,' puts in Annie, coolly.

'I greatly feared,' the man goes on with the slow self-consciousness of one unaccustomed to talk of himself. 'I greatly feared I'd meet up with a bairn of yours playing in the doorway. Losh! I could not have stood *that*! But that's why I stayed away, Annie, lass! So that you might marry a man with a face on him. I thought you would not know me if I held my handkerchief over my other cheek!'

There is a strange gleam in the woman's eyes—a gleam that one or two of the old masters have succeeded in catching and imparting to the face of their Madonnas, but only one or two.

'How did you come by your hurt?' she asks in her low voice.

'Board the old *Walleroo* going out. You mind the old ship.

We had a fire in the hold, and the skipper he would go down alone to locate it before we cut a hole in the deck and shipped the hose in. The old man did not come up again. Ye mind him. Old Rutherford of Jarrow. And I went down and looked for him. It was a hell of smoke and fire, and something in the cargo stinking like—like hell fire as it burnt. I got a hold of the old man, and was fetching him out on my hands and knees, when something busts up and sends us all through the deck. I had three months in Valparaiso hospital; but I saved old Jack Rutherford of Jarrow. And when I got up and looked at my face I saw that it was not in the nature of things that I could ever ask a lass to have me. So I just stayed away and made believe that—that I had changed my mind.'

The man pauses. He is not glib of speech, though quick enough at sea. As he takes up the little tea-pot and shakes it roundwise, after the manner of the galley, his great brown hand shakes too.

'I would not have come back here,' he goes on after a silence; 'but the *Mallard* was ordered to the Tyne. And a chap must do his duty by his shipmates and his owners. And I thought it would be safe—after eleven years. When I saw the old place and smelt the smell of the old woman's frying pan, I could not get past the door. But I hung around, looking to make sure there were no bairns playing on the floor. I have only come in, lass, to pass the time of day and to tell you ye're a free woman.'

He is not looking at her. He seems to find that difficult. So he does not see the queer little smile—rather sadder, in itself, than tears.

'And you stayed away eleven years—because o' *that*?' says the woman slowly.

'Ay, you know, lass, I'm no great hand at the preaching and Bibles and the like; but it seems pretty clear that them who's working things did not think it fit that we should marry. And so it was sent. I got to think it so in time—least, I think it's that sometimes. And no woman would like to say, "That's my man—him with only half a face." So I just stayed away.'

'All for that?' asks the woman, her face, which is still pretty and round and rosy, working convulsively.

'Ay, lass.'

'Then, honey,' she cries, softly, 'you dinna understand us women!'

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

ANIMAL HELPERS AND SERVERS.

THE modern tendency is to drop rather than to develop the special gifts of animals as servants to man. Mechanical invention has taken their place. Even their speed as messengers is at a discount, and from the carrier pigeon, superseded by the electric telegraph, to the silk-moth, whose place is already in process of being filled by the 'mechanical silkworm,' spinning fibres from wood-pulp for the looms of Lancashire, the race of animal 'helpers and servers,' except as beasts of burden, is discredited. Like the neglected 'trolls' of Scandinavia, they seem likely to retire completely from active business in the service of the human commonwealth.

This is a loss, and not wholly from the sentimental and picturesque point of view. It is never wise wholly to discard old aids to the convenience of life. Experience has already shown that elaborate mechanical machinery, even for locomotion and carriage, may become too costly for common use, and is liable to derangement when civilisation has a temporary lapse in 'times of war and tumult.' The employment of dogs as watchers and auxiliary messengers by the German army, and the organisation of pigeon posts for sieges, show that the animal factor may still be indispensable. The object-lesson which suggested this to the Germans was the employment of dogs as smugglers across the frontier. The experiment was made a century ago by the Greek and Turkish 'klephts,' and as readers of the '*Roi des Montagnes*' will remember, their identification with the purposes of the band is complete. According to a Turkish friend of the writer, Hermann Schultz's bitter remark, '*Fourteen brigands were killed, one of them a dog,*' is amply justified by the behaviour of these criminal animals.¹

It is somewhat surprising that the Orientals, who first employed carrier pigeons, did not go further and attempt to communicate with distant lands by means of the migratory storks and cranes, the regularity of whose journeys and the accuracy of whose

¹ The only sentries which can prevent rifle-stealing from the frontier guards of India are dogs. The thieves always succeed sooner or later in passing the human watch.

return to their nests, often upon or adjoining their own houses, was well known to them. Such an experiment recently succeeded in circumstances so extraordinary that it reads like a story from Herodotus. During Slatin Pasha's captivity by the Mahdi he was summoned by the Khalifa, and to his dismay found him sitting in judgment with his cadis around him. Slatin was immediately aware that some charge was about to be preferred against him, and his uneasiness was not diminished by the knowledge that his secret correspondence with Egypt might well have been betrayed. The Mahdi handed him a small metal case, the size of a revolver cartridge, attached to a brass ring, saying, 'Take this thing, and see what it contains.' An attempt had been made to open it, and Slatin could see that it contained a roll of paper. In the utmost disquietude he extracted two small rolls from the case, and found upon them, in a minute hand, the following message written in English, German, Russian, and French: 'This crane has been bred and brought up upon my estate at Ascania Nova, in the province of Taurida in South Russia. Whoever catches or kills the bird is requested to communicate with me and inform me where it occurred.—F. R. FALZ-TEIN.'

Slatin duly read the message, and the Khalifa said, 'It is true. The bird was killed by a Shagi near Dongola.' The letter was dated September 1892, and was brought to the Mahdi in December. The Khalifa's comment was characteristic of the fanatical Moslem. 'This,' he said, 'is one of the many devilries of the unbelievers, who waste their time in such useless nonsense. A Mohammedan would never have attempted to do such a thing.'

The same remark does not apply to 'unbelievers,' and we should have been quite prepared to find such an experiment recorded in Herodotus as a message from a Scythian prince to King Cambyzes. Yet the only suggestion of such an experiment which the writer remembers was that in Charles Reade's novel 'Foul Play,' in which the hero tries to send messages from the island on which he is wrecked by means of the wild ducks which left the rock after the breeding season. As the novelist took most of his ideas from omnivorous reading of newspapers, it is probable that he had some foundation for the story.

The use of *wild* birds and animals employed as involuntary agents by no means marks the limit of their possible services. There are some species, which have never been domesticated in the proper sense of the word, which have natural proclivities

for making themselves useful in captivity. An account recently appeared of the agami, known to naturalists as the golden-breasted trumpeter, which is tamed by the Indians of Central America and Brazil, attributing quite novel uses to a bird. It is rather larger than a hen, with long legs and a strong beak. It soon becomes astonishingly tame, and assumes the airs and duties of a dog. It bullies the dogs themselves, attacks strangers, and, by the account of a French traveller, mounts guard over the poultry, and has been known to look after a flock of sheep. We shall probably hear more details of the agami's accomplishments before long, in consequence of the development of British Guiana and Venezuela; but the anecdotes told are not incredible. They are quite in keeping with Brehm's conclusion that in the case of birds (*some birds*, we would add) 'their reason is awakened, developed, and cultivated by contact with man. We do not affirm that any action of a bird which to us is incomprehensible is originally due to man's agency, but simply that birds adopt much which is in harmony with their altered conditions and surroundings.' The concrete instance which he adduces later of the way in which birds may not only acquiesce in these conditions, but assume the ideas and duties of men, is the absolutely reliable account of his friend Von Seyffert's tame crane. Of these he had a pair, which soon lost all fear of man and of domestic animals, and became strongly attached to the former. Their life in a German village, in which agriculture was the sole employment, and the communal system of joint herding of cattle and swine, and driving them together to the common pasture, prevailed, was very much to their taste. They soon knew all the inhabitants in the place, and, until the female crane died, used to call regularly at the houses to be fed. When the female died the survivor at once took as a new friend a *bull*. He would stand by the bull in the stall and keep the flies off him, scream when he roared, dance before him, and follow him out with the herd. In this association the crane saw and remarked the duties of the cowherd, and one evening he brought home the whole of the village herd of heifers unaided, and drove them into the stable. From that time the crane undertook so many duties that it was busy from dawn till night. He acted as policeman among the poultry, stopping all fights and disorder. He would stand by a horse when left in a cart, and prevent it from moving by pecking its nose and screaming. A turkey and a gamecock

were found fighting, whereon the crane first fought the turkey, and then sought out and thrashed the cock. Meantime it always 'herded' the cattle, not always with complete success. These were collected in the morning by the sound of a horn, and some would lag behind. On one occasion the crane went back, drove up some lagging heifers through the street, and then frightened them so much that they broke away and ran two miles in the wrong direction. The bird could not bring them back, but drove them into a field, where it guarded them till they were fetched. It would drive out trespassing cattle as courageously as a dog, and, unlike most busybodies, was a universal favourite, and the pride of the village.

China still uses two birds for special purposes, and shows no disposition to part with them. Duck-breeding on a large scale is one of the industries of the riverine population. The owners live in house-boats, and every night the flocks of ducks are driven home into floating pens for safety. In place of dogs the white Chinese goose, a domestic breed not unlike an English goose, is kept as a watch near the duck-pens. It is one of the most wide-awake and vociferous of birds, apparently never sleeping, and uttering its loud call when any person or animal approaches it. Mrs. Atkinson, when visiting the northern frontier of China, found the mandarin in charge of the guard-post 'playing' with his watch-geese as if it were a dog. At Hampton Court, where a pair are kept, the gander mounts guard over all the ducks' nests on the side of the semicircular canal, and if anyone comes near the bank sounds its alarm incessantly. Ovid, when describing the silence which surrounds the cave of Sleep, rather spoils a series of beautiful lines by a realistic reference to the absence of 'urban noises,' which no doubt distressed him as they do the literary men of to-day. There were no cocks to crow, no barking dogs, and 'no geese, which are cleverer than dogs.'

Non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
 Evocat Auroram: nec voce silentia rumpunt
 Sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser.

This looks as if geese were used as watchers by the old Italians, though it may be no more than a reference to the old legend of the geese which saved the Capitol. The Chinese cormorants are put to far more artistic uses. Their training for submarine fishing in the rivers and estuaries has often been described, and the method was introduced for a time by the Dutch, first into Holland

and later into England, where it has recently been successfully revived by Captain Salvin. The young birds are hatched out by hens, and their domestication dates *ab ovo*. Useful as the cormorants are to the Chinese, it may be doubted whether any species of bird has played such a part in the capture of food for man as the various hawks do now across Central Asia from the Caucasus to Eastern Tartary, and did in England till superseded by firearms. The transition period, dating from Norman times, in which the hawks were only used to show sport, and keeping them was forbidden by law, unless license was obtained from the king, has caused their early use as food-providers to be forgotten. A curious evidence of their importance in this capacity has been found in an unexpected quarter—an Anglo-Saxon 'Ollendorff,' published to teach Saxon boys Latin. It was written exactly as a modern text-book is written: some easy conversation on everyday life being set out in Saxon, with the Latin equivalents written above the words. One conversation deals with hawk-keeping. In it appears the following question and answer: 'Do you not find it expensive to keep hawks?' *Answer*: 'No, in the winter the hawk *keeps me*; in the summer I let him go and make his nest and keep himself.'

The most promising of all quadrupeds as yet not trained to the use of man are the various races of African baboons. The proposal does not seem at first sight attractive, for the baboons are much libelled creatures. They have a reputation for possessing an evil temper, and more than one of the species—the mandrills—are repulsively ugly. But the European judges of the baboon disposition from those seen in confinement, where they are seldom kept for any other object but curiosity, and are often ill-treated. This has probably a worse effect upon these very intelligent creatures than upon any of the monkey tribe. They are naturally animals living in society, unlike the great apes of the tropical forest. A solitary wild baboon is unknown. Their family and tribal instinct is strong, and increased by their habit of combination for common action in defence or for procuring food. Hence confinement in a cage or on a chain in one place produces much the same effect upon them as it would do upon man. It sours their tempers, dwarfs their intelligence, and when, as is usually the case, they are teased and tormented, the baboons become sullen and savage animals, wholly irresponsive to subsequent good treatment. It is from the physique and character

of the animal when wild that its qualifications for a useful 'help' when domesticated can best be judged. Compared with the dog, the baboons have certain undeniable advantages which should carry them further in the services in which dogs excel. If this can be proved satisfactorily, a clear case is made out for their domestication, for the dog is, by consent, the best 'all-round' servant of man except the elephant. If we take Dr. Caius's divisions of the services rendered by dogs and see how far the baboon's equipment compares with theirs, the powers of the two species may be estimated and balanced. 'Defending dogges' are the subject of several of Dr. Caius's chapters. The defensive weapons of the baboon, useful in the first place for defending himself, and therefore, as in the case of the dog, available for use in protecting the property of his owner, are in excess of those of a bulldog. The skulls of the baboon and the dog are so alike that the whole race are known as 'dog-headed' monkeys. The teeth of a full-grown male of the gelada, hamadryad or chacma baboon are considerably more formidable than those of the largest bulldog, and several travellers, notably Brehm, have shown that their dogs, accustomed to kill hyænas, would not face even a single baboon. In addition the monkey has its hands, which it not only uses with great adroitness to catch hold of any animal which attacks it, but also to hold weapons—stones or rocks—and throw them. Thus, compared with the dog as a 'defender,' it is the better creature by the addition of hands, and inferior only to such cumbrous dogs as mastiffs and the large boar-hounds in the equipment of teeth. Its size, that of a large pointer dog, is within the limits of safety which man has to consider before attempting the domestication of 'armed' animals.

Speed is a form of equipment in which the dog excels the baboon, and as an aid in the direct pursuit of animals it must always be inferior to what Dr. Caius calls the 'leporarii'—the 'chasing dogges.' But in the great and justly prized gift of *scent* the monkey has the advantage, though dogs have for centuries been bred with a view to the development of that particular gift, and have both in sport and in their use as detectives and watchers become almost indispensable aids to man. Among the very few instances in which the animal has been taken wild and used intelligently as a servant, it has been found that he can not only find edible plants by scent, which the truffle hunters' poodles are trained to do, but can be used to discover *hidden water*—a

unique instance of animal service. Le Vaillant, the African traveller, gives an account of a tame baboon—probably a chacma from South Africa—which illustrates its fitness as a watch, a hunter, and a procurer of food and water more fully than any others record. This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs kept to protect the camp, and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of their tribe. 'By his cries,' says Le Vaillant, 'he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before my dogs discovered it. The dogs were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and I was at first vexed with them for deserting their duties. When he once had given the alarm, they would all stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eyes or the shaking of his head, I have seen them all rush forward to the quarter towards which they observed that his looks were directed.'

This voluntary enrolment of the dogs under the command of the superior animal is perhaps the best evidence of its ability as a watch. But it also shows the moral effect of the monkey's deliberate, thoughtful method of action. Baboons are never in a hurry, and it is easy to read between the lines of Le Vaillant's account the 'thoughtfulness' and thoroughness which all who have observed them have noted as a characteristic of the actions of this species.

'I often carried him on my hunting expeditions,' continues Le Vaillant, 'during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees in order to aid in the search for game'—he does not say what game—'a pursuit of which he was remarkably fond.' While out shooting with his master he used, when thirsty, to hunt for and discover a succulent tuber, which was as effectual for quenching thirst as a water-melon. In this, as we have said, he was not more clever than the truffle-dog. But the truffle hunter has to carry a spade. The dog can find, but not dig up, the root. The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands, though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight so as to use the leverage of his teeth to the best advantage. 'He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, pressed his four paws on the earth on all sides of it, then drawing his head slowly back, the root generally followed.' If this did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then, throwing his heels over his head, turned a 'back somersault,' and came up smiling, with

the root in his mouth. Le Vaillant taught him to make it part of his business to find these roots, and to let his master go shares. The only trouble given by the animal was that he stole milk from the cans, or rather baskets, which were brought to the camp. But this thieving habit could doubtless have been cured. The monkey was so thoroughly tamed to the service of man that, like tame horses on the prairie, it had the greatest horror and fear of the wild ones which sometimes approached the camp.

These chacma baboons, and their relations, the Anubis baboons, are sometimes used to discover water in dry seasons, which they can do when even the Bushmen fail to find it. A single monkey is taken out thirsty and let loose, when it quarters the ground like a pointer, snuffing in all the likely places, until it stops, and begins to dig with its hands, and if the sand be dug away water soon oozes into the hollow. This feat, which has been seen both in South Africa and in Angola, on the western coast, is not so wonderful as it seems, because it is only done in the country where the water collects in hollows on a rocky bottom, which are soon blown over and covered by sand. The surface becomes dry and shifting, though lower down the water and sand lie mixed upon the rocky bed. But no other animal seems to have either the scent or the power of using it possessed by the baboon. Even if they could detect the water, the want of hands to scoop away the sand and procure it would make their knowledge as unprofitable as discovering water in a well which had no bucket. An Anubis baboon kept in Upper Egypt was used as a house-dog, being kept chained at the door. It knew all the usual visitors to the house, but prevented others from entering by walking up and down across the doorway. In mediæval times numbers of these animals were brought to Europe and kept as pets, and there is hardly a nation of Southern and Western Europe among whom stories have not survived of their cleverness, sociability, and courage. That most familiar to us is the story of the baboon which rescued the child of the Fitzgerald family from their burning castle.

The use of monkeys as substitutes for human slaves has long been a dream of animal trainers, but there is no single instance of its realisation except the very curious account given by Walter Gibson in his curious autobiography, 'The Prisoner of Waltevreden.' He there states that when visiting a Malay chief he saw an orang-outang, called by him an *orang kubu*,

carrying materials for building a house, in two panniers slung to the ends of a stick, and that it was employed with human coolies engaged in the same work. The Malay declared that the orang-outangs were descended from some slaves of Alexander the Great! They were, he added, accursed of Allah, companions of djins on earth, fit only to be beasts of burden; the Malays sometimes hunted them in pits and tree-tops, and made slaves of them! But though Gibson describes the animal carefully, the account, which seems written in good faith, may only describe some member of a hairy savage human tribe in the forest. He, however, says definitely that the creature was an orang-outang.

It is only in the department of 'skilled labour,' in which their special gifts of sight, scent, hearing, and speed are used to supplement the powers of man, that animal service is at a discount. For beasts of burden and beasts of draught the development of new countries has raised a demand which it will take years of experience and experiment to supply. In some cases, as in the introduction of the camel to Western Australia, the want has been met with brilliant success; in others, as in Rhodesia, every form of animal transport is, so far, a failure. The proposal to create in Somaliland an elephant reserve, for the redomestication of the African species, is in part the result of this need for a reliable transport animal in Rhodesia.

Meantime it is just possible that we might improve our own resources in the matter of draught animals for use in country districts, and more especially on the large shooting estates on the Scotch moorlands, by borrowing a hint from Northern Europe and Northern Asia. The only animal which can travel at speed over heather and bog is the reindeer. Comparing his experience of the powers of draught of the reindeer on the 'tundra' of the Arctic coast with the performance of ponies on the Scotch moors, Mr. A. Trevor-Battye declares that the former are in every way superior for the ordinary draught work at a Scotch shooting-lodge. They can travel at speed over the roughest heather, will swim or flounder over the wettest bog, still drawing their sledge, and would convey shooting parties, dead game, or provisions to and from the most distant and difficult ground at a speed of from ten to twelve miles an hour. The experiment of breeding young reindeer has already succeeded at Woburn Abbey, and before long some trial teams will be working in the Highlands.

A second northern draught animal, or possible draught animal,

has already been introduced, though with a very different object from that which the writer would suggest is its proper use. This is the large 'chow-dog' from Northern China, which a freak of fashion has decreed shall be kept as a pet by English ladies. These dogs are not suited either by nature or training for domestic pets. They are only half-civilised dogs, very excitable, often savage, and so little considered in the light of household companions in their native Manchuria that they are bred for the sake of their fur, and killed, like seals, when the fur is in season. But they are born sledge-dogs, immensely strong in the shoulder and short in the neck, with pulling powers far greater than those of any of the breeds used in Holland and Belgium for drawing carts. If the laws against the use of dogs for draught are repealed, just as the laws against road-engines and steam-carts are about to be repealed, the 'chows' would form the basis of a new breed of cart dogs for minor traffic.

C. J. CORNISH.

A LOTTERY DUEL.¹

I.

ANOTHER instant, and he would have turned a somersault into eternity.

The time was maybe an hour past midnight, a tornado was threatening, and the heat below was something terrible. The *M'poso* was rolling to a heavy sullen swell, and was filled with ghostly creakings. I had gone down to my room an hour before, and had been trying vainly to be rid of the torments of the flesh by sinking off into sleep. I had taken off my pyjamas, and laid down on the spring bed stripped to the buff—*more Africano!* But in a minute or so the perspiration began to well out of all my body in little streams which tickled horribly. The air of the cabin was absolutely dead and stagnant. I got wearily up and shifted the tin wind-scoop which stuck out of the port. After three or four tries it slewed to the right angle, and a breeze came in which was conjured up by the steamer's passage through the water. But the breeze was hot and unrefreshing, and I lay there and sweated, and cursed the climate, and the *M'poso*, and Africa, and the British Foreign Office, and everything else within the reach of a mutinous thought. I was deadly tired, and I could not sleep, and I thought to myself that if this was a foretaste of what life was going to be like as a general thing at St. Paul de Loanda, the Consular Service was a very much over-rated method of keeping out of the workhouse.

At last I gave up sleep as a bad job till after the tornado should choose to come and clear the air, and put on my pyjamas and went outside. In the alley-way, Balgarnie, the purser, and a couple of palm-oil traders were playing farthing nap and drinking whiskey and tepid water. They asked me to join them, but I said 'No,' and went up the companion. The night outside was black dark, and for a whole minute I stood leaning against the doorway, listening. There was a good deal of noise going on; Captain Image's voice was making itself heard with sultry emphasis in the distance; and the Kroo boys, under the direction

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of a mate and a quartermaster, were getting in the awnings and making things generally snug, ready for the tornado.

It was just then that a great blue flare of lightning splashed across the heavens, and I saw Vatchell, who was perched on the white iron rail opposite me, in the very act of flinging up his heels.

I did at that moment what was certainly the quickest jump in my life, and I grabbed him by the slack of his raiment just as his head reached the horizontal.

He thumped back on the deck in a disorganised heap, and I stood above him a good deal scared, and inclined to give advice. I said it was wrong to sit on a bulwark rail any time when the ship was rolling heavily, and more especially at moments when one was tired and apt to fall asleep. And having blown off some of my steam by discoursing thoroughly on this theme, I was beginning to hint that much whiskey and the West African climate did not go well together, when of a sudden I broke off, gasping. Another flash of lightning glowed across the sky, and on the deck before me I saw Vatchell emptying a litter of iron bolts from his pockets and dropping them over the steamer's side.

'My God!' I cried, 'then you were going overboard on purpose?'

'Dry up,' he said, 'you fool! Don't bawl out like that, or the whole ship will hear. And I swear it isn't so bad as it looks.'

'You were going to commit suicide; there's no getting out of that.'

'Well, I was and I wasn't. I'm due to kill myself, and I was going to do it then. It was a fine chance, and I don't thank you for spoiling it, especially when I've had some trouble in screwing up my nerves to the requisite pitch. It was a beautiful chance. There's this tornado coming on, and I shouldn't have been missed till to-morrow morning, and then it would have been set down to accident, and reported as that at home. You needn't expect me to thank you, Tollemache. At the present moment I'm damning your interference in a way which would surprise you if you could understand all the reasons.'

'I say, old man,' said I, 'you're a bit shaken. It's only the heat, you know. It's a devil of a hot night. Come along with me and let's go and rout out the doctor-man and get a pick-me-up. I'd like one, too; I believe I had a drop more whiskey myself than was good for me in that smoke-room.'

Vatchell laughed unpleasantly. 'You're a well-meaning sort of fool, Tollemache, but you are on the wrong track. I'm neither drunk or sunstruck, and if you want to do me a service you'll hold your tongue and go away. I say, old man, though really, don't talk of what you've seen. It will be awfully rough on my people if you do.'

'Then you still intend to—er—go for your swim?'

He nodded.

'Then,' said I, 'that settles it. I'm hanged if you shall.'

'You don't understand. I've got no choice about the matter.'

'I may not understand everything; but I do grasp the elementary fact that you are on board at the present minute, and that as I am by far the stronger man of the two, you're going to stay on board for the present. If you're awkward, I'll call Image down now and get him to put you under lock and key; but if you'll give me your word of honour not to try any more further foolishness till, say, to-morrow morning, you may come away to my room and have the spare berth.'

'How do you know what my word of honour's worth?' he said queerly.

'I'll accept it on chance. Come along. Here's the tornado; we shall be drenched in another ten seconds, and wake up with a dose of fever to-morrow.'

The rain had begun to tumble in fat warm drops, like splashes thrown out of a bucket, and the thunder started with a bump and a rattle. There was a hiss like escaping steam, which told that a big wind-squall was close aboard of us somewhere; and Captain Image was swearing noisily because the foredeck awning was not yet taken in, and he expected to lose it in a hurry, and have one or two of the passenger boys killed by flying stanchions in the process.

Vatchell blinked at the lightning. 'Do tornadoes ever kill people?' he asked.

'Not white men on steamers. Tornadoes only wet them, and smash up their tackle, and spoil their tempers. But they occasionally crumple up niggers who travel as deck passengers, and the sight isn't pleasant to look upon; and as we aren't on the *M'poso* in an official capacity we'll just get below. Come along now, old man; don't be an idiot. The breeze'll come away strong directly, and then it'll get cooler.'

'You're a tyrannical brute,' said Vatchell with a rueful grin,

and got up and walked to the companion. 'Give me a drink,' he said when he got down to my room. 'I've grazed my shoulder against the—er—the palings of the next world, and I feel a bit chippy.'

I lifted the chattie off the hook where it hung in the breeze of the wind-scoop, and handed it to him. He drank thirstily. 'Ugh!' he said, 'beastly water, ship's water, African ditch-water flavoured with Condyl; but it's cool. Thanks. Now what's next? Turn in? I fancy it'll be cool enough to sleep directly.'

'Well,' I said, 'if you don't mind, I'd much like to hear what you propose as your next movements. What you let drop to me above just now is a bit too mysterious to be healthy.'

'I don't see that it concerns you.'

'Probably not. But still you owned up to trying suicide.'

'Well, my life isn't yours, is it? I've a notion it is very much the property of C. T. Vatchell.'

'Of Eaton Square, and Walborough Castle in Yorkshire? Precisely. The question seems to be, is this Charlie Vatchell here who is attempting to tamper with the said life, or is it——'

'Some other person of "unsound mind," as the coroners so neatly phrase it? You may set your head at rest on that point, Tollemache. I'm absolutely and completely sane; brain and body in full working order.'

'I hear you say it.'

'Mark you, Dick, I wish it was anything else. If I was at all off my nut, the thing would be easier, and a vast deal more comfortable. I'm not at all tired of life, and I don't in the least want to chuck it away; but as things are fixed, I'm down on this filthy coast under contract to kill myself, and as a man of honour I've got to carry out the bond.'

I rolled a cigarette and lit it. 'If you call this talk a proof of sanity,' said I, 'heaven help your judgment. I never heard madder twaddle in my life. Here, smoke, and see if that will do you any good.'

'Did you ever fight a duel, Dick?'

'No,' I said, 'and don't want to. This is the wrong end of the nineteenth century for that kind of foolishness.'

'That's all you know about it. Duels are fought nowadays, and a simple sixpence can be quite as deadly as all the hair-trigger, saw-handle pistols that were ever turned out of a gunsmith's shop. Now, if you care to know, I've got mixed up in a thing of this sort,

and it came "tails" when I said "Queen," and it's left to my honour to wipe myself out of this terrestrial existence. I'd two months to do it in from leaving Liverpool, and there's no shrinking the matter. I know the other man would have stuck to his word if he'd lost, and I can't do less. There's no choice about it. The story's pretty simple, and if you give me your word to be quiet, you can hear it if you choose.'

By this time the tornado had burst in its full power. Above us the artillery of the storm boomed and blazed and roared, till the steamer quivered like a kicked biscuit-tin. The engines gurgled and raced, and squeals came from the whole fabric of her. The rain hissed upon the sea in sheets and ropes, and the place was lit like day by the flaming sky. I had to take in the wind-scoop and close my port to keep the deluge in its proper place. But the air was no longer stifling; it cleared by visible gradations; and I tied a silk handkerchief about my middle, and sighed in thankfulness.

The tornado was over in twenty minutes, but it was as bad as they are made while it lasted. The *M'poso* was put nose on to it, but in spite of her ten knots she was blown away like a cork to leeward, and underwent more damage than was ever reported officially. But then passenger niggers are cheap, and if only two or three are not forthcoming at the port of delivery, nobody very much minds.

But to the tornado itself I gave very little attention at the time. To the tune of its infernal uproar, I was listening to a tale which was making my flesh creep. And yet the story was quite commonplace, with the usual woman in it, and the usual tangle worked up by that curious force which they call love. It concerned two strong men, neither of whom would give way to the other, and it skirmished round as finished a little tragedy as one could well come across. And, although when asked by Vatchell at the time, I flatly refused to admit that their solution was at all admissible, I will freely own in this place I did not see any other possible way out of the difficulty. But what that tale was, I am restricted by my promise to Vatchell from repeating here in any detail, and so no more can be said.

'So you see,' said Vatchell in summing up, 'it is merely a question of honour. You can't go and blaze at a man at twelve paces nowadays, because even if you kill him, you get hanged afterwards yourself, which is a waste of good material. So as there wasn't

room for both Vane and me above the daisies, we pitched on the only sane way of settling the matter, and each man pledged his honour that if he lost he would contrive not to be in the land of the living seven weeks from the day when we span that unpleasant coin. Nice situation, isn't it ?

'No,' said I, 'it isn't. It's an eminently poor game to commit *hari-kari*, whichever way you look at it. It's undignified, and lacks both excitement and personal profit. Besides, it's cowardly——'

Vatchell took me up quickly. 'No, I'm hanged if it's that, and I speak there with authority. Anyone can have pluck enough to stand up in front of a gun and be blazed at; you can warm up to the work there. But this other game is different. There's nothing to work you up to the occasion, absolutely nothing. I tell you, Dick, it makes me regularly freeze with horror whenever I am awake to think about it. Here I am, a warm healthy man this minute, and to-morrow the South Atlantic fishes will be nibbling my carcase, whilst the rest of me is toeing the line and getting roughly spoken to elsewhere. Don't you tell me that a coward would deliberately set off on a cruise like that.'

'It's a beast of a hole for any man to be in,' I admitted.

'It is,' he said—'By Jove! listen to that awful thunder!—and I wish I saw any way out of it. I'd not stick at trifles. I suppose you will think me horribly contemptible for saying such a thing, but I'd climb down abjectly about the—er—the matter which caused all the bother. I mean I'd give up Laura Conyers now as the price of living. Yes, Dick, it's even come down to that. But I haven't got the choice left me. That was expressly stipulated when Vane and I made the bargain; in fact, it was a thing I insisted on myself. There was to be no crying off from the consequences under any circumstances whatever. We quite agreed that the world wasn't big enough to hold the pair of us.'

The roar of the tornado drowned his words, but during the next lull, 'Oh, Lord,' I heard him mutter, 'what a bull-headed fool I've been!'

I leaned across the cabin and tapped him on the knee. 'Look here, Vatchell,' I said, 'why not die theoretically?'

His fingers gave a sudden tremble, which tore the cigarette that he was rolling; but he did not speak at first.

'You heard what I said?'

'Yes,' he answered in a queer voice, 'what do you mean?'

Vatchell laughed unpleasantly. 'You're a well-meaning sort of fool, Tollemache, but you are on the wrong track. I'm neither drunk or sunstruck, and if you want to do me a service you'll hold your tongue and go away. I say, old man, though really, don't talk of what you've seen. It will be awfully rough on my people if you do.'

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'You don't understand. I've got no choice about the matter.'

'I may not understand everything; but I do grasp the elementary fact that you are on board at the present minute, and that as I am by far the stronger man of the two, you're going to stay on board for the present. If you're awkward, I'll call Image down now and get him to put you under lock and key; but if you'll give me your word of honour not to try any more further foolishness till, say, to-morrow morning, you may come away to my room and have the spare berth.'

'How do you know what my word of honour's worth?' he said queerly.

'I'll accept it on chance. Come along. Here's the tornado; we shall be drenched in another ten seconds, and wake up with a dose of fever to-morrow.'

The rain had begun to tumble in fat warm drops, like splashes thrown out of a bucket, and the thunder started with a bump and a rattle. There was a hiss like escaping steam, which told that a big wind-squall was close aboard of us somewhere; and Captain Image was swearing noisily because the foredeck awning was not yet taken in, and he expected to lose it in a hurry, and have one or two of the passenger boys killed by flying stanchions in the process.

Vatchell blinked at the lightning. 'Do tornadoes ever kill people?' he asked.

'Not white men on steamers. Tornadoes only wet them, and smash up their tackle, and spoil their tempers. But they occasionally crumple up niggers who travel as deck passengers, and the sight isn't pleasant to look upon; and as we aren't on the *M'poso* in an official capacity we'll just get below. Come along now, old man; don't be an idiot. The breeze'll come away strong directly, and then it'll get cooler.'

'You're a tyrannical brute,' said Vatchell with a rueful grin,

and got up and walked to the companion. 'Give me a drink,' he said when he got down to my room. 'I've grazed my shoulder against the—er—the palings of the next world, and I feel a bit chippy.'

I lifted the chattie off the hook where it hung in the breeze of the wind-scoop, and handed it to him. He drank thirstily. 'Ugh!' he said, 'beastly water, ship's water, African ditch-water flavoured with Condy; but it's cool. Thanks. Now what's next? Turn in? I fancy it'll be cool enough to sleep directly.'

'Well,' I said, 'if you don't mind, I'd much like to hear what you propose as your next movements. What you let drop to me above just now is a bit too mysterious to be healthy.'

'I don't see that it concerns you.'

'Probably not. But still you owned up to trying suicide.'

'Well, my life isn't yours, is it? I've a notion it is very much the property of C. T. Vatchell.'

'Of Eaton Square, and Walborough Castle in Yorkshire? Precisely. The question seems to be, is this Charlie Vatchell here who is attempting to tamper with the said life, or is it——'

'Some other person of "unsound mind," as the coroners so neatly phrase it? You may set your head at rest on that point, Tollemache. I'm absolutely and completely sane; brain and body in full working order.'

'I hear you say it.'

'Mark you, Dick, I wish it was anything else. If I was at all off my nut, the thing would be easier, and a vast deal more comfortable. I'm not at all tired of life, and I don't in the least want to chuck it away; but as things are fixed, I'm down on this filthy coast under contract to kill myself, and as a man of honour I've got to carry out the bond.'

I rolled a cigarette and lit it. 'If you call this talk a proof of sanity,' said I, 'heaven help your judgment. I never heard madder twaddle in my life. Here, smoke, and see if that will do you any good.'

'Did you ever fight a duel, Dick?'

'No,' I said, 'and don't want to. This is the wrong end of the nineteenth century for that kind of foolishness.'

'That's all you know about it. Duels are fought nowadays, and a simple sixpence can be quite as deadly as all the hair-trigger, saw-handle pistols that were ever turned out of a gunsmith's shop. Now, if you care to know, I've got mixed up in a thing of this sort,

and it came "tails" when I said "Queen," and it's left to my honour to wipe myself out of this terrestrial existence. I'd two months to do it in from leaving Liverpool, and there's no shrinking the matter. I know the other man would have stuck to his word if he'd lost, and I can't do less. There's no choice about it. The story's pretty simple, and if you give me your word to be quiet, you can hear it if you choose.'

By this time the tornado had burst in its full power. Above us the artillery of the storm boomed and blazed and roared, till the steamer quivered like a kicked biscuit-tin. The engines gurgled and raced; and squeals came from the whole fabric of her. The rain hissed upon the sea in sheets and ropes, and the place was lit like day by the flaming sky. I had to take in the wind-scoop and close my port to keep the deluge in its proper place. But the air was no longer stifling; it cleared by visible gradations; and I tied a silk handkerchief about my middle, and sighed in thankfulness.

The tornado was over in twenty minutes, but it was as bad as they are made while it lasted. The *M'poso* was put nose on to it, but in spite of her ten knots she was blown away like a cork to leeward, and underwent more damage than was ever reported officially. But then passenger niggers are cheap, and if only two or three are not forthcoming at the port of delivery, nobody very much minds.

But to the tornado itself I gave very little attention at the time. To the tune of its infernal uproar, I was listening to a tale which was making my flesh creep. And yet the story was quite commonplace, with the usual woman in it, and the usual tangle worked up by that curious force which they call love. It concerned two strong men, neither of whom would give way to the other, and it skirmished round as finished a little tragedy as one could well come across. And, although when asked by Vatchell at the time, I flatly refused to admit that their solution was at all admissible, I will freely own in this place I did not see any other possible way out of the difficulty. But what that tale was, I am restricted by my promise to Vatchell from repeating here in any detail, and so no more can be said.

'So you see,' said Vatchell in summing up, 'it is merely a question of honour. You can't go and blaze at a man at twelve paces nowadays, because even if you kill him, you get hanged afterwards yourself, which is a waste of good material. So as there wasn't

room for both Vane and me above the daisies, we pitched on the only sane way of settling the matter, and each man pledged his honour that if he lost he would contrive not to be in the land of the living seven weeks from the day when we span that unpleasant coin. Nice situation, isn't it ?

'No,' said I, 'it isn't. It's an eminently poor game to commit *hari-kari*, whichever way you look at it. It's undignified, and lacks both excitement and personal profit. Besides, it's cowardly——'

Vatchell took me up quickly. 'No, I'm hanged if it's that, and I speak there with authority. Anyone can have pluck enough to stand up in front of a gun and be blazed at; you can warm up to the work there. But this other game is different. There's nothing to work you up to the occasion, absolutely nothing. I tell you, Dick, it makes me regularly freeze with horror whenever I am awake to think about it. Here I am, a warm healthy man this minute, and to-morrow the South Atlantic fishes will be nibbling my carcase, whilst the rest of me is toeing the line and getting roughly spoken to elsewhere. Don't you tell me that a coward would deliberately set off on a cruise like that.'

'It's a beast of a hole for any man to be in,' I admitted.

'It is,' he said—'By Jove! listen to that awful thunder!—and I wish I saw any way out of it. I'd not stick at trifles. I suppose you will think me horribly contemptible for saying such a thing, but I'd climb down abjectly about the—er—the matter which caused all the bother. I mean I'd give up Laura Conyers now as the price of living. Yes, Dick, it's even come down to that. But I haven't got the choice left me. That was expressly stipulated when Vane and I made the bargain; in fact, it was a thing I insisted on myself. There was to be no crying off from the consequences under any circumstances whatever. We quite agreed that the world wasn't big enough to hold the pair of us.'

The roar of the tornado drowned his words, but during the next lull, 'Oh, Lord,' I heard him mutter, 'what a bull-headed fool I've been!'

I leaned across the cabin and tapped him on the knee. 'Look here, Vatchell,' I said, 'why not die theoretically?'

His fingers gave a sudden tremble, which tore the cigarette that he was rolling; but he did not speak at first.

'You heard what I said?'

'Yes,' he answered in a queer voice, 'what do you mean?'

My God! Dick, you're not hinting that there's a way out of it, are you? Speak, man, tell me, what do you mean?'

'It amounts to a compromise with your honour, and it remains for you to say if it will satisfy you. Drop your name, drop all connection with home; in fact, eliminate the C. T. Vatchell completely. Sending Vane written evidence of death was not included in your bond, so leave your death to be presumed. Africa is here close at hand; disappear into the vagueness of Africa, and be swallowed up, and seen no more. You can live there, or possibly you may die; but anyway there will be a fight for existence which will interest you in the meantime.'

Vatchell turned and knelt on the sofa and stared out through the port at the blazing heavens, but he did not answer. He stayed on so till the tornado had blown itself out and the *M'poso* had ceased to yield cascades from her scuppers, and then he said, 'And you would be the only person who could give me away?'

'Well,' I said, 'you would have to trust me, and I think you will do that, seeing that I've been told so much of the yarn already. Old man, I congratulate you. May you prosper as a white savage in a black continent! Go away now and sleep.'

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Not till three weeks after the night of that tornado did I get to the house set apart for me in the Portuguese city of St. Paul de Loanda, and find letters in waiting. They had left London a week after I had sailed from Liverpool, but for once in history the Lisbon mail had proved the faster boat. One of the letters bore a postscript which read thus: 'By the way, do you remember my introducing you last year to a man called Featherstone-Vane at the Sports Club? He broke his neck hunting yesterday. If you come across Charlie Vatchell, who is down shooting elephants or niggers or something in your savage neighbourhood, you might give him word. He and poor Vane have been great chums ever since Cambridge days.'

II.

I was returning to Loanda after my first home leave, and was going down the coast by the B. & A. Congo boat, because it wasn't my purpose to go to the Consulate direct. I had a commission to execute *en route*, which had been delivered into my hands by a

Miss Laura Conyers, whom I may as well state had, under certain conditions, promised to be my wife.

The Liverpool steamer dropped me at Banana in the Congo mouth, and I stayed there three days, as the guest of a hospitable Dane in the pilotage, making exhaustive inquiries. I got to Boma in a coaster belonging to a Dutch factory, and pushed research there, though without result. And then I took advantage of the Free State postal launch which was running up to Matadi, and there for the first time picked up the trail. My man had arrived, it seemed, as coal trimmer on a Hamburg steamer, was seen to be educated and an Englishman, and carried one name on his linen and another on the ship's books. He was set down as some unfortunate who was under the weather, and for that reason found sympathy and employment—as a ganger on the railway works.

He proved himself capable of keeping sober, of driving niggers, and of resisting the climate, and in time might have risen to earning his three thousand francs a year. But one day it seems he saw a man on one of the Liverpool steamers who had known him in London; and though, in reality, he remained unnoticed, the meeting scared him, and he threw up his gangership and bolted up the country. White Matadi wondered for a week what his crime had been, and then dropped him out of memory.

By pushing inquiries as far as they would go, and letting it be thoroughly understood that I was not by any means there as an official of the law, I found out at last that Vatchell was in the Kasai district. It appeared that he had gone up into some part of the country where no white man had ever been before, presumably to set up a factory and trade in rubber, ivory, and anything else that might come to his net. But as neither tidings nor goods had come down from him since his departure, there seemed a strong probability that he had either died from the diseases of the place or being knocked on the head and eaten. But I had promised Laura Conyers to find out for certain, and I did not think I could work myself up into telling a circumstantial lie about the matter. So I got carriers and set off to march to the place and see for myself.

I marched five weeks over six-inch-wide roads before I found him. I had been plagued with fever most days, and as the State troops had been raiding most of that district quite recently, food was scarce. I was carried into Vatchell's village in a hammock, weak as a fly, and for the first eight days made several energetic

attempts to die. But after that I began to pick up a bit, and by the time I'd been in the place a fortnight I was able to tell Vatchell my business.

'For,' said I, 'it isn't pleasure that's brought me up here.'

'I've gathered that,' said Vatchell. 'When you were off your head you talked; and as I was sitting by, I couldn't help listening. Laura Conyers appears to be the lady's name. Am I to understand that you've been amusing yourself by telling her how I failed to carry out my bargain?'

'I've betrayed you in no single instance. To anyone who asked, I said you came down-coast with me in the *M'poso*, which was common knowledge already, and then I added that, like all the rest of the world, I'd completely lost sight of you.

'But you didn't know the Conyers before?'

'I came across them quite by accident in a Scotch hotel. It's not an uncommon name, and I didn't guess for long enough that Laura was the girl you'd spoken about; in fact, I didn't find it out till after I'd asked her to marry me, and then she told me herself.'

'What did she say?'

'She told me that there was some sort of an understanding between you, from which she could not consider herself free till she had either heard you were dead or had given her up. I might have mentioned that I'd heard you state once that you'd resign your claim if you might go back to England; but I felt that I was not at liberty to speak about the matter, and consequently held my tongue.

'Then didn't she ask you if I'd ever mentioned her name?'

'She did, and I'm afraid I had to lie about the matter. If you remember, you made me give my word not to talk.'

Vatchell nodded gravely. 'You could not have done less,' he said, 'if you wanted to respect yourself. And now how do you propose that I should act?'

I shook my head. 'That is for you to decide,' I said. 'I tell you frankly, though, that if you go back and claim her, she will marry you, if you insist upon it.'

'And yet you come to tell me this, and are fond of her yourself?'

'I am thirty-three,' said I, 'and know my own mind. I care for her more than I ever cared for any woman before, and in quite a different way. I could never feel towards anyone else again like

I do for her; and I will do anything that she wishes, so far as it lies within my power.'

'I can conceive you did not come to call upon me here for your own amusement,' said Vatchell, and there broke off and stared moodily down amongst the grass-and-wattle huts of the village, with his chin in the heel of his fist. An air was coming up from the valley which made the split banana leaves flutter like fringes of pale-green ribbon, and the women chattered over their cooking fires in the middle of the streets. The little pot-bellied children, with their eye-sockets blue with antimony, played in the dust, and the chickens picked up their livelihood from the garbage-heaps. Vatchell spoke again, without turning his head. 'You must love this girl very much.'

I felt my cheeks warming. 'I never rhapsodise,' I said.

'And if I forgot the fact that I was theoretically dead (to use the expression which you yourself once coined), and went back to claim her, what should you do?'

'I am Her Majesty's Consul at Loanda now. Presently my term of service there will be over, and if you go back and take the place I want at home, I shall manage to get transferred to somewhere else at a distance, where there is abundance of work.'

'And so forget?'

'Or have no time to think.'

'That is the right idea. Work, grow tired, sleep; and then you have no space left you for old regrets. I do not speak from guesswork there, Tollemache; I know. I came up here, along rivers and through forests where no white man had trampled before. This village suited my fancy. I took a hut, and called it a factory. I had with me some small amount of "trade"; I bought rubber with it and ivory, and sent it down to a Portuguese factory on the coast, and brought back salt, powder, and Manchester cottons; also American rifles.'

'"Arms of precision!" That's against international law.'

'Consequently I had to pay the smugglers dearly. But I could not do without them. When the Congo Free State hears of my doing well here, it will send up a ruffian with soldiers to try and set up a factory of the State's own, and enslave my people here to make carriers and troops. And me they would simply oust by a system of duties and rent. But with those rifles—and I have men who can handle them like Hausas—we are quite able to take care of ourselves against any filthy Belgian *sous-officier*

who may come up here collecting ears ; and my people know it, and they've confidence in me. I'm chief here, and I've fresh people coming into the town every week to settle and get protection. We've our stockade, our storehouses, and our water-duct, and I'm in treaty for a Maxim.'

I stared at the man wonderingly. This was a very different Charlie Vatchell from the sportsman of Yorkshire and the dandy of the London clubs. But it was only in his manner that he had altered. Physically he was much the same. He was one of those rare fellows on whom the pestilential sun and climate of Equatorial Africa have no evil effect.

'It's queer, isn't it, Dick, how I came up here as a trader and drifted into the other thing? But it just had to be ; the whole idea brimmed with interest, and I was a man who could not afford to let such a chance slide. It did not take me long to learn the language ; you know I had picked up Fiote in Matadi. And then I waded in with my fists and a gun and made myself known as the strong man of the district. I was not light-handed ; you cannot tackle these cannibals round here with kid 'gloves ; and they respect me all the more because I never shilly-shally. The two punishments they can understand are the butt or a bullet, unless you go in for torture, and I draw the line at that. I'm an absolute despot, and they like it. They all can see that I am doing well by the community, and they have given up trying periodically to assassinate me. But I have to work like a horse to keep things going.'

'And so you always contrive to keep your thoughts from straying backwards ?'

He sighed, and I saw his eyes lift over the mango trees of the village, and look blankly into the deep blue of the African heavens beyond.

'No,' he said, 'I have my lapses.'

'Then you love Laura still ?'

'Have I ever ceased to do that ? No, Dick, not even when I was all crumpled up on the *M'poso*, and said I would resign her if I could keep my life. She never cared for me as I did (and do) for her, but if I were free I would fight any claimant for her now, yes, even in the same ghastly way I fought poor Vane, and not shirk the consequences. But I am not a free man—I don't exist, and my honour will not let me shirk out of what has been done already. In Africa I am, and in Africa I stay till the time comes

to go beneath it. I am a chief of Kasai cannibals ; and you may report at home that C. T. Vatchell died within seven weeks of sailing from Liverpool.

He broke off again, and once more stared moodily at the hot blue sky. The noises of the village filled the air like the hum of insects. Then he rose to his feet and turned to me with a queer look. 'If you want a further proof of my *bona fides*,' he said, 'here is one.' He clapped his hands, and shouted for 'Leyla.'

The word was taken up by the women at the cooking fires, and the naked children ceased playing in the dust and carried the white man's cry amongst the huts ; and presently from the further side of the village Leyla came, a pretty up-standing black girl, followed by a knot of curious friends. Vatchell spoke a dozen words, and they answered with shouts of surprise. And then they scampered away, spreading the news through all the gardens and the tree aisles.

'You don't understand the native ?' said Vatchell. 'Well, this may interest you. I have just told Leyla that I will marry her.'

'Oh, a new wife ?' I said lightly.

He frowned. 'I have not followed the usual white man's practice, Tollemache. I have lived all my days in Africa away from the women, in deference to a memory which I could not shake off. But this seems a good time to change the system. I shall not marry as the ordinary trader does, by purchase ; I shall wed according to the rites and customs of the tribe, and that, as you know, has been held by English courts to be legal and binding. But I do this, please mark, not through any chivalrous feeling towards you ; it is part of my bargain with Vane.'

'I don't understand.'

'There is only one draw which could make me forfeit my honour and go back to England, and that is Laura Conyers. I could not bear to have that temptation hanging over me any longer ; but in an hour from this it will be put aside for ever. I shall be a man safeguarded by marriage ; you and all the people of this tribe will be witness to the bond.'

It is seldom that an English gentleman has signed himself away into savagery with such completeness ; and never, I should fancy, for such a reason. The people of the tribe all assembled in the space before the grass-and-wattle house, and danced to the beating of tom-toms and the jangle of stone and iron. Then

Vatchell and the girl stood out in the midst and said the words appointed, and a man fringed with herbs and human bones took two fowls and cut off their heads with a spear-blade, and let the blood flow on Leyla's sleek bare limbs and on the white drill of Vatchell's clothes. And next he held their bare arms together and scratched them with the blade, and let the human blood commingle also. Then water was brought, and the redness was washed away, and the marks vanished, but the bond was left. The two were man and wife, and all the courts of the world could not set them free.

Vatchell came to me with a face white and drawn, and bade me go. 'Your carriers are waiting down yonder,' he said, 'at the rim of the forest. You have seen the end of me, and now you can report in all good faith that I am dead and will never return again. But make no mistake as to why this is done. I've a love for Laura that burns in me like a fire of coals; but my duty to myself and Vane comes first, and so here I have to stay. You are the lucky man. You—damn you!' he cried with a sudden flush of rage, 'Go! The sight of you is poison to me. Go, or I shall kill you with my naked hands!'

And I went; and after weary months had passed, came back to England, and my happiness.

C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

BLACK GHOSTS.

My own feelings regarding ghosts are those of Dr. Johnson's dear old lady. I do not believe in them, but I am very much afraid of them ; particularly am I afraid of them when they are not ghosts but something else. No, I do not mean devils—perhaps I had better give an explanatory instance, as I feel I am becoming complicated in expression.

I do not intend to give names in the affair, because some of the actors in it are still living, and the house wherein it took place is still a source of livelihood, for it is an inn. So let it suffice that this said inn is situate on the South Coast of England, facing the harbour of a town which kills half a bullock a week with a neighbouring town. In my days we had no railway, and you went, wind and weather permitting, to it on a steam-packet ; but although it has got a railway now, I am told, the old inn is unaltered, and so you may take it that it still smells strongly of straw, rotten apples, manure, and stale beer, and still has its bedrooms in long rows opening out of narrow one-sided passages, which, by an occasional window, give the visitor a commanding view of the stable-yard with a pump in it ; being desirous of being careful, I will not swear the pump will be in working order. Well, to this humble scene, wind and weather having permitted, arrive three ladies—the other side of forty—lashings of luggage and a swarm of children, on what happened to be market day. A scene of some confusion ensued, but, at last, after a most unsatisfactory meal, all the party retired to their rooms, save one lady, who had to sit up until the local gentlemen had done with the billiard-room, for she had to pass through this to her passage.

The rooms left much to be desired ; one was, we still believe, a chamber in a chimney, formerly used for smoking bacon, because, when the landlady was communicated with and told the house was on fire, she said, ' No, it was all right ; smoke always came up through the floor like that,' and ' was always a bit hot.' But, in spite of the simple carolling of the intoxicated villagers in the tap-room below, and the presence of some fine

specimens of *aphaniptera* and *acanthia lectularia*, exhausted nature claimed her due and the whole party slept, including the estimable lady, when she had safely reached her room *viâ* the deserted billiard saloon. This room was at the extreme end of one of the afore-mentioned passages overlooking the stable yard, and she had congratulated herself, she subsequently remarked, on finding none of the other rooms in her passage were occupied.

About 2.30 A.M. she was aroused by a sound, and while she was drowsily deliberating whether the sound was a real sound, or a dream sound, it was repeated, and, after a short interval, it came again. It was a queer, dragging sound, and a flump. She sat up in bed and listened intently, and she decided two things regarding it; one was that it was in her passage, the other was that the intervals between the noise were growing gradually greater, but whatever was making them was approaching her door. The correctness of this surmise was soon demonstrated, for whatever it was that dragged and flumped was now fumbling at the door-handle, and, after a few minutes, fumbled successfully, and then flumped, and there was silence for a few minutes. The lady's whole attention was now concentrated—spell-bound—on a patch of utter darkness on the floor. She saw a flicker of light on the wall of the passage, that came in from the end window thereof, but what was on the floor she could not see. Presently it started again—making its way towards the bed; twice more it dragged, and flumped, and paused, and then she felt its hands, or something, grasping and twining in the bed-clothes, dragging them off. Then she gave a shriek that was a credit to the sex, and very wisely fainted. Everyone on that side of the house heard the shriek, and rising up grasped a candle—candlesticks were rare in that inn—and went with all haste in the direction the shriek had come from, expecting to hear more, but no more came. So the billiard-room door opening into the passage was cautiously opened. The appearance of the passage was anything but reassuring; the strip of narrow stair-carpeting which was spread along it was dragged up and twisted, and over it, and on the bare boards, lay a stream of blood straight to the lady's door; there were little pools of it every here and there, but it was in continuous line, you understand. On following this trail up, and into the room, the lady was found safe, dead off in a swoon, and hanging on to her bed-clothes the dead body of a man who had,

it turned out, gone into his room at the billiard-room end of the passage after she had retired, then cut his throat, so that he could not speak, and, apparently knowing there was someone at the other end of the passage, started off to get assistance.

This affair made such an impression on my youthful mind that for many years after I said, 'Give me real ghosts;' but of late years I have been on the West African coast, where real ghosts fairly swarm, and I have found them such a dreadful hindrance and nuisance that I really feel I cannot tell you whether they were any safer or pleasanter to deal with than repentant suicides.

This immense number of ghosts arises partly from everyone having four separate souls: three of these souls expire with life, and only one survives after death, and it is not generally held that this survives in a state of immortality; but, when it does survive, it is a great nuisance and a considerable expense to its living relations, more particularly when it is the soul of the father of a family, for then it is a perfect curse to its many widows, and 'a very dangerous wild-fowl' to their suitors. The other three strictly mortal souls are mainly a cause of apprehension and alarm to their individual owner, but a source of general trouble and expense as well.

The study of the ramifications of spiritual beings is about as complex as that of the genealogy of the Emperor of China, and although not so dull is far more dangerous; and, as I feel a conviction this study will lead me to an unknown tomb before my book on Fetish, in seventeen volumes, folio size, written mostly in cuneiform or early Welsh—for Latin every young lady knows nowadays—can come out, I will give you a few rough notes on ghosts properly so called. There is great trouble in correcting and classifying the spirit fauna of West Africa, owing to your having to hunt the specimens through the labyrinths of the Ethiopian with-thick-fog-overhung mind, as a German would say. For some time I thought four Families would do, each containing, of course, many genera and varieties, not to mention individual freaks, but now I have been obliged to enlarge the number of Families to nine. I will here only refer to the spirits of human origin, and we will first take the conduct of the souls of the living, and classify them.

1. The soul that survives. 2. The bush soul. 3. The dream soul. 4. The shadow on the path.

1. We will leave this soul out of the affair at present, merely remarking that it does not leave the body during life, but it soon withers if its companion souls are taken away from it. It grows up with its owner, taking its image from him, and therefore it is no good in dealing with life as it comes on—no more good than the photograph of an eminent lawyer, for example, would be to deal with a law case, even if the photograph were taken immediately before the case came on.

2. The bush soul. This is, I think, confined to negroes, and not possessed by Bantu. This soul is always in the form of an animal, never in that of a plant, and it is a wild animal in the forest. If a man sickens it is because his bush soul is angry at being neglected, and a witch doctor is called in, who diagnoses the case, and advises the administration of some kind of sedative, in the shape of an offering, to his bush soul. When you walk in the Calabar forests you will see little dwarf huts with these offerings under them. You must be careful not to confuse these little huts with those, looking very like them, that you will see in the plantations, or near roads, which refer to other things entirely.

These offerings are put in the place in the forest where your bush soul was last seen. Unfortunately the witch doctor has to be called in to determine the spot (which is expensive, for there is no free medical black advice in Africa), because you cannot see your own bush soul unless you are an 'Ebum tup,' which is a rare occurrence. If his offering acts well on the bush soul you get better, but occasionally the bush soul gives great trouble. This arises from the bush soul not knowing that, by exposing itself to danger recklessly, it injures itself, as if you die it dies. A man may be a quiet and respectable citizen, devoted to caution in his diet, &c., and devoted to a whole skin, yet that same man may have a sadly flighty, disreputable bush soul, which from its recklessness gets itself injured or killed, and causes you sickness or death. From this notion regarding the soul arises a good deal of the respect in which old people were held among the Calabar tribes; for, however wicked their record may have been, their longevity demonstrates the possession of a powerful bush soul whom it would be unwise to offend. When the man dies, the animal of the soul 'can no longer find a good place,' and goes mad, rushing wildly to and fro; if it sees a fire, it rushes into it; if it sees a lot of people, it rushes into them, until it gets itself killed, and when it is killed—'finish,' as M. Pichault would say.

3. The dream soul. This is undoubtedly the greatest nuisance a man possesses. It seems an utter idiot, and, as soon as you go to sleep, off it ganders, playing with other souls, making dreams. While it is away you are exposed to three dangers: first, it may get caught by a witch, who sets a trap for it, usually a pot half full of some stuff attractive to the dream soul, with a knife or hook of iron concealed in it which the soul gets caught on, but I have seen soul traps made of string, &c.; anyhow, when the soul is caught it is tied up, usually over the canoe fire, which withers it up, and its original owner is out of his mind, or, I should perhaps say, his mind's out of him, until medical advice restores the truant. I have the greatest veneration for the medical profession, but I must say I have had grave reason to suspect some practitioners of having had the soul in their own possession all the time; and I do think if the treatment administered by a certain Red Indian tribe to a doctor, who is supposed to have accidentally swallowed a patient's soul, were administered to these African doctors who first steal the soul, and then pretend to have had to send one of their own souls out to fetch it from the topmost branches of a silk cotton tree, or some such place—whereas they had it all the time in a basket at their side—and they were held upside down over a calabash, and had emetic remedies administered as is done to their poor unintentionally offending Red Indian professional brethren, this disgraceful practice would be suppressed. Many Africans have complained to me of their local medical man. 'Why do you call him in then?' I say. 'Well, one must, you see; he is very clever, but totally unprincipled; we shall really have to kill him off one day.' The second danger that overhangs a sleeping man is that, during the absence of his dream soul, one of that tiresome pauper class of souls, 'insisa,'¹ may whip in and take its place, and the original soul, when it comes back, finds no room for it. Certain kindly witch doctors keep a sort of asylums for these ousted dream souls, and I have often seen basketsful of them hanging up among the other strange things in their houses; they keep them and supply them to people who have lost, or had stolen from them a soul, and although, from being out of a body some time they are weakly, they are far better than having an insisa in, for insisa are never healthy; they are the souls of people who have died before their time, or of twin children, or of people whose friends have not thought them worth burying properly, and they frequently have

¹ Fantee.

blood stains on them. It is true they are very careful how they leave their new-found body, but the blood on them is very likely to attract all sorts of devils. Blood on a soul devils always smell out and go for, and then the unfortunate, innocent man who has housed one, gets epileptic fits, general convulsions, or the twitches, and has to go to great expense, and endure some rigorous treatment to get all the devils, and the carrion soul they have come after, cast out of him. I once saw this operation performed, I was told, successfully, and a new dream soul blown into his mouth and nose, but the poor fellow was a wreck for days. This danger of getting invaded by a disagreeable spirit is thought to be best guarded against by sleeping on the face, the usual African sleep attitude; if you cannot do this, it is wise to put a piece of cloth over the mouth and nose. The third danger is that you may get awakened suddenly before your dream soul, who may be sky-larking off fishing or hunting, can get back.

4. The shadow on the path. This is a soul, because it is your own property. 'No man can cast the same shadow as his brother,' says the West African proverb; and as it is intangible, of course it is a soul. It has other forms of existence besides being a shadow. It is your photographic image, and you can lose it by being measured with a tape, or piece of string, for it goes into the string, and when that rots, it rots. It is, however, not so tiresome to look after as your other three souls, because it is less easily detached from you, and gets refreshed every night by the darkness, which a Bakele once told me was the shadow of the Great God. The chief danger to it is at high noon, in open ground, when it dwindles and may disappear, and this is why you often see a good jujuist circumnavigate an open yard, keeping in the shadow of the huts, instead of crossing it. It is, like other souls, of a delicate texture, and may be injured by being trodden on, &c. It is a great insult to a man to tread or spit on his shadow; to do so is an excellent recipe for making a quarrel. I once saw a dramatic scene in Qua Town.—A man was talking to some other men and his shadow fell strong on the ground; a woman went softly towards it and drove into the head a long darning needle. Both the stealth and rapidity with which the thing was done was wonderful, and it was murder—in intent. I was sitting in her house waiting for her to come in, and she did not know anyone was there to see her.

I cannot go into the subject of the diseases of the living soul

here, because that would necessitate my writing an introductory monograph on Devils, particularly the red devil variety, which would run to the size of a monograph on the Medusæ or the Crustacea, and I will pass on to the consideration of the soul after death. The death-scene, when the dying man or woman is free, and has dependent on him or her many human beings, is peculiarly dreadful. The fetid atmosphere of the hut, crowded by human beings, beside themselves with grief and anxiety about their own fate, and quivering with hate against the person they think is in some vile sorcerous way stealing the life away that is so dear to them, make a never to be obliterated impression. I have many burnt into my mind. It is, of course, sad when the person dying is a slave or a woman of no importance, but one knows then that there will not follow to such an extent the misery and danger to the survivors.

When the person seems about to die, a perfect madness seizes those round him. Red pepper is forced into his nose and eyes, those near him stoop down to call his name into his ears, with the high-intoned voice used for calling people away in the bush. 'Come back! Come back! Where are you going to? This is your house! This is your house! Come back!' and their calling is taken up by all the bystanders; and when it is at last evident it is of no avail, the soul has gone, there is a breathless momentary pause, and then rises from every man and woman there that awful, wild, despairing death-wail that never loses its power to chill the white man's heart, even though he soon learns it does not mean the utter heart-broken grief it so superbly represents. But we will leave the survivors to their complicated and awful rites, and follow the soul.

The soul does not leave its old haunts until it is buried in a suitable and proper manner, no matter how long a time may elapse before the ceremony is carried out by the relations. Frequently a long time, may be a year or more, elapses before—for various financial and social reasons—this can be done. The soul during the whole of this period is a fearful domestic trial, particularly to its widows, who have to remain in a state of abomination and abasement as long as it is about.

In the Upper Calabar districts they have to take it turn and turn about to keep lights burning at night over where the body is buried, under the floor of the house, and entertain at their own expense all the people who come to pay their respects to the

deceased. The house where the death took place may in no way be swept or tidied up, because the soul may be clinging on to the things, or lying on the floor, and get damaged. Indeed, what those poor women have to go through—those who are not killed for having bewitched it, or to be companions to it in the underworld, or representative of its earthly wealth—is beyond description all along the entire coast; but in every district the customs vary. Thus, in Togoland, where the ladies seem to be a little strong-minded, the widow has a rare good stout stick given her, wherewith to whack her deceased lord's soul if it gets beyond bearing with during the first six weeks' mourning, during which time she keeps in the hut. For six months after this the ghost remains in his old haunts and she has to be very careful.

The customs and ideas vary so much with each locality that it is unwise to generalise about them. There is a great division line between Calabar and Cameroon—that is to say, between the true negroes and Bantu; but some general ideas are common to the inhabitants north and south of this division line, such as the plurality of souls, &c., and the habit of the soul to haunt its hut, or place where it left its body, until such time as it is buried, *i.e.* sent off to the spirit-world, either for re-incarnation, as in the Calabar regions, or for permanent residence, as in the Windward Coast regions, *i.e.* the Gold, Slave, Grain, and Ivory Coasts.

South of Calabar you are among the Bantu, whose ideas on spiritual matters are nothing like so definite as those of the negroes. They always gave me the impression of having once known the things the negroes know, but to have partially forgotten them, only keeping the witchcraft proceedings fresh and green in their memories. I hasten to say I have no intention of starting rocking a common cradle for these two races away in the north-east. I will, therefore, only attempt now to follow a Windward Coast soul when it starts to leave this world for that of Srahmandazi. I do not think you will find this region, a most important region though it is, even in the 'Times New Atlas,' so I will give you hastily a few notes on its geography, physiognomy, fauna, and flora. If you look in the atlas you will see to the east of Accra the Volta river down. Well, a good way up, and on the eastern bank, lies the entrance to Srahmandazi, and when the sun sets on this world it rises on Srahmandazi. There is everything there that there is in the world: men, women, children, animals, trees, plants, insects, reptiles, fish, houses,

markets, towns, &c., but—and this is a ‘but’ that refers, I fear, to all of the spirit-worlds of we poor human beings, when it comes to the final test—a day in this world of ours is worth a whole year over there; for, after all, these are only the shadows of things, their souls, in this spirit world, and in the African underworld, as in the Christian heaven, there is no marriage. The African, however, thinks this evil can be provided against by taking a supply of wives with him; hence arises his killing of wives, sometimes wrongly called sacrificing at funerals.

A man takes the same rank there, if he has been properly buried, that he has had in this world, but the state of health he arrives in varies much on his arrival. You see, each soul has a certain definite earthly existence allotted to it. Say, for example, a soul has thirty years’ existence in a body on earth, and its body gets killed off at twenty-five years, the remaining five years it has to spend knocking about its old haunts, homes, and wives. In this state it is a public curse, and is called a ‘sisa.’¹ It will cause sickness, it will throw stones, it will rip off the thatch from roofs, and it will play what Mr. Kipling calls ‘the cat and banjo’ with husband Number 2 in all directions; all because, not having reached its allotted span, it has not been able to learn its way down the dark and difficult road to Srahmandazi, a knowledge that grows on a soul gradually.

A troublesome sisa can, by skilful witch doctors, be sent off before its time is up. In such a case, on its arrival in Srahmandazi, it is feeble from the difficulties and damages it has sustained during its journey. I find a certain amount of difference of opinion regarding the condition of the soul during the early days of its existence; some informants saying that a soul sent hence before its time, and in the vigour of its early years, although exhausted by its hardships on the road, recovers health in a month or so, while one that has run its allotted span and dies, say, of disease, is as feeble as a new-born child, and takes years to pull round. Others do not pretend to a knowledge of these details, and say the only difference that they know of between the souls of killed men and others is that the soul of a murdered man can always come back, and therefore the safest way of disposing of a troublesome sisa is by spells and incantations to get it to enter the sleeping body of a new-born child, when it can live its time out. This method is not difficult, because, as I have said anent the dream

¹ Fantee.

soul, a *sisá* is always on the look out to get into a body. But getting a *sisá* into a new-born baby is a mean thing to do, for this method is supposed by many parents of deceased children to have been the cause of their affliction; if it is not this, it is either a witch sucking the child's blood, or a wanderer soul having got into the family. This latter soul is a terrible plague. One child dies; the next child born to the same father or mother dies; and then a third child arrives, puts its parents to the usual trouble and expense, lives a couple of months or so, and then it dies; but at this juncture the worm—the father, I mean—turns and, before burying his child's body, breaks one of its legs, or chops the whole body up into small pieces, and scatters them far and wide. The first method is followed by parents who are anxious for more children, the second by those who are heartily sick of the bother of their squalling and crying about the place. The parent's action is rational in both cases, his opinion being that by cutting up the body the soul gets destroyed, and by breaking the leg the soul will be warned that, if it really wants to come into the family, it must leave off its roaming habits and settle down, though he knows if it comes back again the child that it comes in will limp; but the wanderer soul must be made of utter foolishness to want to go through repeated courses of black babyhood—for remember, although the negro baby has neither pap, nor pins to poison the joy of its life-dawn, yet, on the other hand, it has no paregoric, no bassinets, nor warm flannels, nor toys, and it leads a melancholy existence you can see by its great sad eyes, that seem to say, 'Here's a pretty mess! Why did I come to Africa?'

Even when ghosts have been properly buried they still preserve an interest in human affairs, for not only do they have local palavers, but try over again palavers left outstanding from their earthly lives; so when there is an outbreak of sickness in a Fantee village, and several inhabitants die off, the opinion is held that there is a big palaver down below, and that the ghosts have sent up for witnesses, subpoenaed them as it were. The medicine men, or priests, are called in to find out what particular earthly grievance can be the subject of this ghostly case. When they have ascertained this, they take the evidence, on commission as it were, of everyone who knows anything about the case in the town, and then transmit the information to the Court sitting in *Srahman-dazi*, thereby saving the witnesses from the inconvenience of a personal journey thither.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to even touch upon the immense variety of ceremonial surrounding soul affairs in this West Coast 'land of the living that's thronged with the dead;' and you must remember that, of the throng of spirits, these dead men's souls are only a very small section, for almost everything in West Africa has a soul, trees, rivers, weapons, &c., and that it is mainly by this soul they act. Thus, among the Congo-Française tribes, it is held that, in the matter of medicine, the soul of the medicine combats with the soul of the disease, and so on. Neither are human souls the one and only cause of harm. There is that wretch Tando—I beg his majesty's pardon—the great god of Ashantee, who is still worshipped, though his cult is not what it was before the defeat his favourite people sustained at the hands of the English in 1874, and after this present defeat it may still further fall into neglect, and he will probably end in the mere pauper state of sheer devil-dom. For, say the Ashantee, he was either too weak to defend them, or he was not inclined to exert his power on their behalf; in either case he was unsatisfactory. His priests say he was disinclined, for some reasons arising from breaches of sacrificial observances; but the Ashantee laity know that the land simply reeked with human blood for his delectation, young boys having been sacrificed in the path of each English line of advance, besides the ample sacrifices in the towns. There is absolutely no trick too venomous or mean for Tando, the Hater; for example, he has a way of wandering about near a village he has a grudge against, in the form of a male child, and crying bitterly until some kind-hearted, unsuspecting person comes and takes him in and feeds him; then he develops a contagious disease which clears that village out.

And an enormous quantity of hauntings arise from manifestations of that awful genus of devils grouped under the name of Sasahbomsum and Shramantin. It is little use giving you directions regarding the recognition of a Sasahbomsum manifestation, because if you meet him he kills and eats you, except in Apollonia, where he sucks your blood, but usually to such an extent that if you do drag yourself home you die then of exhaustion. He is said, by people who have seen him, to be of enormous size and a red colour; his hair, which is straight, he wears long. It is generally regarded as inadvisable to make camp near a silk-cotton tree which has red earth round its roots, because that earth

has got stained that colour by the blood which it has whipped off a Sasahbomsum as he has gone down through it to his underworld home after a night's carnage, in the morning time. Shramantin, I may remark, is the female form of this demon; she is not so bad, for she only detains her prisoners for three or four months in the forest, teaching them what herbs are good to eat, where the game come down to drink, and what the animals and plants say to each other. Her appearance is against her, however, though she is white, and, like her lord, she is of colossal size.

The ghosts of what we Europeans call inanimate things also cause inconvenience, and like most things, living or dead, in West Africa, they cause delay. I and my black companions had once to sit down and wait two and a half hours at a place on a fairly open forest path, because across it, in front of us, about that time in the afternoon, the ghost of a spear flew, and a touch from it was necessarily fatal. And there is a spring I know of, in the Kacong district, where, when you go to fill your pitcher, you see a very handsome pitcher standing ready filled. Many a lady, seeing no one about to whom the pitcher belongs, has picked this up and left her own; but as soon as she has got it within sight of the village it crumbles into earth, and the water is spilt on the ground. On returning for her own discarded one, that is always found broken.

Then there are that very varied and widely diffused set of phenomena connected with living people sending one of their souls into some animal, such as a crocodile, or leopard, to work vengeance on enemies; but this comes under the head of witchcraft, so I will conclude by giving you the description of a peculiar haunt, interesting chiefly to me because I have heard of it occurring to two people, one a Negro lady, one a Bantu. I give you the Bantu version, because I heard the details of it in full, immediately after its occurrence. She had been down river to the factory, on trade business, and returned home after dark to her house, well satisfied with the results of a day's haggling with the trader. There was a miserably small fire burning in the cook-house, by which her slave girls were trying to cook her evening meal. She blew them up for not having a larger fire, and they said the wood was wet and would not burn. She said they lied, and she would see to them later on, and went into her living house, treading, on the way there, into some wet on the ground. 'Those good-for-nothing hussies of girls have been spilling some water,' she thought, and

when she got into her room she found the hanging palm-oil lamp was not alight; she sat down on her wood bed, and found there was a lot of nastiness there. This was not to be stood; so, dismissing from her mind the commercial considerations with which it was full when she came home, she rose up, and went to the door and called for 'Ingimina' and others, in a state of high rage. She is a notable housewife, and keeps her house extremely neat and clean, and her slaves in good order; so these young ladies came 'one time,' and cuffing their heads, she asked them how they dared forget to light her lamp; they swore they had lit it, but it must have gone out like all the other lamps had, after burning down and spluttering. They had been sitting round the fire and not bothering about it till she came in. So she whacked and pulled the ears of all she could—she is not very active, weighing, I fancy, some sixteen stone—and then she went to her room and got out her beautiful, English paraffin lamp, bringing it out to the sizzling fire to light it with a bit of burning stick, which, when she lifted it up, she found coated with the damp, sticky stuff that she had got into before, and it smelt of the same faint smell she had noticed as oppressive when she entered her yard. As soon as the lamp was alight she saw what it was, *i.e.* blood. Blood was everywhere, the rest of the fire sticks were covered with it, it sizzled at their lighted ends, and it oozed from their other ends. There were pools of it on the clean, sandy yard; her own room was reeking—the bed, the floor, and the stools. It ran and hung in coagulated gouts down the door-posts, and lay on the lintel. She herself was smeared with it from having come in contact with it in the dark. She picked a plate up off the shelf, and its impression was there on the shelf in a rim of the blood. She looked in her skillet—more there. The palm-oil in the lamps had got a film of it floating on top of the oil, and investigation of the whole of the rest of the house demonstrated that things were similarly afflicted throughout.

The slave girls were utterly scared when the light showed with what they had been surrounded. Their mistress called in some influential friends and relations; they could make nothing out of it, but they said they thought something must be going to happen, and suggested, in the kind, helpful, cheering way friends and relations have in such matters, that they should fancy it was a prophecy that she was going to die without shedding blood, and that this was the blood come before. This view irritated her, as

she is an uncommonly common-sense woman, so she sent them about their business, and started the slaves house-cleaning. The blood, she said, cleaned up all right, but reappeared as soon as you left off. She cleaned on, however, till about 10 A.M., 'before noon time,' when it gradually faded off, but the smell remained about the house for days.

I hope that the readers of this incomplete sketch of the African's views concerning souls will not hastily write the African down an ass, but will remember the words of the greatest of ethnologists, E. B. Tylor, of Oxford, saying :—' Few who will give their minds to master the general principles of savage religion will ever again think it ridiculous, or the knowledge of it superfluous to the rest of mankind. Far from its beliefs and practices being a rubbish heap of miscellaneous forms, they are consistent and logical in so high a degree as to begin, as soon as even roughly classified, to display the principles of their formation and development, and these principles prove to be essentially rational, although working in a mental condition of intense and inveterate ignorance.'

And also the African idea of the continuity of the individualism of the soul is the same as our own.

Eternal form shall still divide
The Eternal Soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

(' In Memoriam. ')

MARY KINGSLEY.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.¹

May 7th.—My birthday, and so as good a day as any and a better day than most for beginning these extracts from my journal. I had thought of compiling a history of the parish by way of 'Typical Developments,' but it turns out that the new vicar is setting out on the same enterprise; and it is perhaps more in his way than mine. Besides, there is very little history to tell.

Our village is unhonoured yet in story,
The present residents its only glory,

as Sophocles says in the *Coloneus*.

The house-martins have begun to think about building on the north side of the house. I had the old nests taken down for the pleasure of seeing these 'amusive' little creatures, as Gilbert White would call them, once more at their loved masonry; and this year I nailed boards across the corners of the windows for cleanliness' sake. At first they were rather puzzled and sat on the cross-pieces looking out on the world like tiny Dominicans; then a pair began building in one of the obtuse angles below; then they took themselves off to a window on the east side which had not been tampered with; finally as there was not enough accommodation here for several families, the rest have swallowed their feelings and begun to build as usual. The nightingales are staying longer in the garden than in any year I can remember. There is a tradition that they used to build in the hedge overhanging what was once a more or less public road, but have not done so since the road was added as a shrubbery to the garden. I suppose now that we have a parish council they feel at liberty to withdraw their protest. Swinburne and Matthew Arnold are the last poets who have dared speak of the nightingale as Philomela. We all know now that it is only the cock-bird who sings, and poets have had

¹ There are as good private and 'intimate' journals being kept at this moment as any that were kept in the last century. Unfortunately, however, the public will not see them in the course of nature till forty or fifty years have elapsed; till, that is, half their charm has evaporated. The *Cornhill* has been lucky enough, however, to secure one of the best of these, but only on conditions. The chief of these is absolute anonymity. But after all anonymity only adds the pleasure of guessing. All that can be said of the *Cornhill* Diarist is that he lives in the country, and that, like the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, he is *vauis notus paucioribus ignotus*.—ED. *Cornhill*.

to note the fact. Indeed the only virgin source of inspiration left for modern poetry is Natural Science. She is the tenth muse. There must have been some people who backed the Faun in his contest with Apollo, and I confess that in the daytime the black-bird affects me more than the nightingale, and in all moods. Sometimes it has all the jauntiness of the Pan's pipe heralding a Punch and Judy show, at other times the plangent note, 'the sense of tears' which is Pan's contribution to serious art. I think it is partly John Davidson's interest in blackbirds that attracts me to him above the other sixty or seventy young gentlemen who make modern poetry. In the 'Thames Ditton' passage of the first 'Fleet Street Eclogues,' he speaks of their 'oboe-voices,' and again of their song as 'broken music'—one of his cleverest adaptations of a Shakespearean phrase.

8th.—My old gardener has at last condescended to retire. He has been on the place, I believe, for sixty years, man and boy; but for a long time he has been doing less and less; his dinner-hour has grown by insensible degrees into two, his intercalary luncheons and nunchoons more and more numerous, and the state of the garden past winking at. This morning he was rather depressed, and broke it to me that I must try to find someone to take his place. As some help, he suggested the names of a couple of his cronies, both well past their grand climacteric. When I made a scruple of their age, he pointed out that no young man of this generation could be depended upon; and further, that he wished to end his days in his own cottage (*i.e.* my cottage) where he had lived all his life, so that there would be a difficulty in introducing any one from outside. I suppose I must get a young fellow who won't mind living for the present in lodgings. I make a point as far as possible of taking soldiers for servants, feeling in duty bound to do so; besides, I like to have well set-up men about the place. When they are teetotallers they do very well. William, my coachman, is a teetotaller by profession, but, as the phrase goes, not a bigot. He was a gunner, and the other night—I suppose he had been drinking delight of battle with his peers—he brought me home from —, where I had been dining, in his best artillery style, as though the carriage was a fieldpiece.

9th.—C., who is just home from Cairo, came to dine, and we had much talk about things military which need not be recorded. It seems the Sphinx's cap has been discovered, but one cannot imagine this increasing his majesty; hats are such local and tem-

poral things. C. remarked that some of the papers had been speaking of the Sphinx as 'she'; confusing it with the Greek sphinx who asked riddles and made short work of the unfortunates who failed to answer them. But is not his beard in the British Museum? The Egyptian sphinx has far too much serenity to play either the poser or the cannibal. But there is a riddling sphinx of the Nile, a very modern and undignified personage; and the Egyptian question, one may hope, has at last found an Oedipus in England, one might almost say in Lord Cromer. For Lord Cromer typifies, even to exaggeration, in the eyes of native and European, our characteristic qualities, strength of hand, and strength of purpose, devotion to athletics and distrust of ideas. His memorial is written in Milner's book, and no praise can be too high for his exhibition of the 'Justum et tenacem propositi virum'; the man who knows his mind and won't be bribed. But the French beat us when it comes to ideas. They are imbuing Egypt with a French spirit by working upon the schools. Every French teacher is a political agent; they are all sent out by Government and while abroad qualify for pension. What English teachers we have go out on their own responsibility and are altogether ignored by the Foreign Office. Probably Curzon will look into this, now that we are understood to be not quite on the point of flitting. It is curious to notice the new type that is being created by young England in Egypt. The usual British alertness, not to say menace, of manner is soothed down into an Oriental dreaminess, as though time had never been called money, and there was no such superstition as free-will; but of course the Orientalising is only superficial.

11th.—To-day falls our customary beating of the bounds. But the new vicar is for still older customs, and wants to revive the Rogation-tide procession with a litany, especially in view of the present drought. Tom, who is patron of the living and parson's warden, refused to take part and 'make a guy of himself,' as he expressed it; and Farmer Smith, his colleague, said very bluntly that he would have no papist nonsense in *his* fields, and 'besides, there couldn't be any rain till the wind shifted.' So, as the substantial men stood aloof, the vicar had to content himself with the choir-boys, who celebrated the new forms with too much of the old spirit. I suppose my wandering life has purged me from a good deal of insular and Protestant prejudice, for I confess there seems more sense and present advantage in the religious

rite than in the civil, when boundaries are all registered in maps. But we have lost whatever instinct we ever had for picturesque ceremonial. The other day I saw the town council of — turn out to meet a Royal Princess; the majority wore gowns which were much too short for them, and their hats were the various hats of every day. In short, they were ridiculous, and seemed to know it.

This Jingoism in America is too silly. A little while ago it was England, now it is Spain. A schoolboy translated Horace's 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' by 'sweetness and decency have died out of the land.' Jingoism is the schoolboy's version of patriotism.

12th.—Read through the second-reading debate on the Education Bill. The proposed devolution to County Councils is a smart piece of political dishing, because, while it places all schools alike under popularly elected bodies, it removes them from the control of 'village Hampdens.' Any person of intelligence who has had to do with a village board will rejoice at the change. The ordinary business of assessing and paying grants can be done here as well as at Whitehall, and leave 'my Lords' free for more important matters. But it is to be hoped they will present each county with a fairly big minimum of Code, because, excellent judges as we are of roads and workhouses, we have something to learn about education. And as for co-opting experts, where are we to get them? Left to ourselves, our temptation will be to over-technicalise the elementary subjects. There will be very little protest from the farmers about raising the age of compulsory attendance, because now that the sharpest boys prefer other callings, the masters have discovered that they can do as well or better without them, by harnessing their horses abreast, using steam ploughs, &c. Clause 27 is of course a Toleration Bill and they are always intolerable to the intolerant; but this one will remove two real grievances. Churchmen will be able to teach their own children in Board Schools, and Dissenters theirs in Church Schools. To pretend that each sect will spend its time in calling its brother 'Raca' is idiotic; each will have its own syllabus to work through. If religion is to do anybody any good, it must be a religion in which somebody believes; the *caput mortuum* distilled by Agnostics out of Christianity by evaporating every dogma, and labelled 'undenominational religion,' must be about as valuable a tonic for the children of the labouring classes as the wish-wash of 'literary influences' that Mr. Bryce prescribes—Matthew Arnold's pet nostrum. We have an old song in Berkshire:—

Sartinly the sixpenny's the finest ale I've seed yit;
I do not like the fourpenny, but loathe the intermediate.

Let the Church stick to her 'sixpenny,' and the Dissenters to their 'fourpenny,' and leave the 'intermediate' to its own concocters.

13th.—It was to-day, how many years ago, that I put a certain serious question to Sophia. The crisis came as we stood by the lily-convally bed in the old Manor House garden at ——. There was only one lily with any of its bells fully out, and I gave it her, and now I reckon any year normal which brings its lilies into flower by the 13th, to let me pay my annual tribute. This year they came a few days too soon.

The copses and commons—our Berkshire commons are little forests—seem this year more beautiful than ever. The bloom of all the flowering trees, thorns, chestnuts, &c., even the elms and oaks, has been abnormal. The primroses are yielding place now to the wild hyacinths, which show through the trees in broad belts, and smell almost as strong as a bean-field. Soon the bracken will supersede both. My poet Davidson speaks somewhere of these hyacinths as—

like a purple smoke

Far up the bank.

The description is very just. I have a notion that this is what Fletcher meant by 'harebells dim,' if we accept Bullen's emendation,¹ for what we now call the harebell comes too long after the primrose to be connected with it. The beeches are in their full spring beauty, but the oaks are devoured by caterpillar, and too many of them are lying all abroad and naked, like giants stripped of their armour. The depression of agriculture, which London Radicals affect to disbelieve in, is having this result amongst others, that every stick worth cutting is being cut, except in the parks of the big landowners or on the glebes of the clergy, who are debarred from 'waste' by law. Old philologers used to explain Berkshire to mean Bare-oak-shire: and the nakedness of the land will soon justify the name.

14th.—Ascension Day being a school holiday, my nephews were coming from — to help shoot the rooks; but the morning preacher was too eloquent and they lost their train. Robert is going up to New College after the summer and is already quite a

¹ Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry Springtime's harbinger
With her bells dim.

man. He was presented the other day with his first cheque book, and lost his first cheque, but was philosophical about it, because, as he explained, he had drawn it to his own order, and written his name on the back, so that it was quite safe. It will be interesting to see whether responsibility will bring consideration. Tom has overruled his mother that he shall pay his own laundress, since, like the young Phæacian princes, he

Endlessly

Wants clothes fresh from the wash that he may go
To dances.

To-day is the centenary of the vaccination of James Phipps by Jenner, which Gloucester, his birthplace, has been celebrating in so becoming a fashion. 'No prophet is accepted in his own country.' A stranger giving himself out as from Gloucester, probably some wag who knew our nervousness, called a few days ago at the village shop, and the excitement in consequence among the well-to-do has been extraordinary. Tom's wife at once issued a placard appealing to all mothers to set a good example by being re-vaccinated. It appeared in the shop window next the new muzzling order, and seems to have got mixed up with it, for the postman carried about the news that in — village 'all the women were to be muzzled and all the dogs vaccinated.' Yesterday was fixed for the doctor's attendance, and old Widow —, who is eighty-eight, was the first voluntary victim. This morning I offered my wife and children and slaves. The cook, I am told, ripped up her sleeve with a pair of scissors and then went off into hysterics; the ruddy David turned the complementary colour, but remembered the story of the Spartan boy in the 'Sixth Standard Reader' and did not scream or struggle. Rumour brings in momentarily fresh stories of heroism. Last century had its 'Ode to Inoculation;' why should Jenner's great discovery lack its memorial? It would be an economy for Mr. Austin to undertake it, as a good many of his Jameson verses would do again; for he will hardly be able to include that poem among his collected works. The heroes might be Gloucester anti-vaccination patriots at last overcome, held down, and massacred by the myrmidons of the local magistrates. The substitution would go very easily. Take one verse as a specimen:

Not a soul has or supt or slumbered
Since the lymph was rubbed in the cleft;
But we fought, ever more outnumbered,
Till we had not a sound tooth left.

We're not very soft or tender,
 Or given to weep for woe,
 But it breaks one to have to render
 One's arm to the strongest foe.

Why did Mr. Austin receive the laurel? Tom, who thinks that to love Lord Salisbury is a Conservative education, is annoyed when I put the question; but I am convinced it arose from a confusion between Swinford and Swinburne, very natural to one more familiar with scientific than literary distinctions. Our arguments, however, never become really serious, as Tom is not concerned to defend the honour of any poets but those who belong to the county, and these, so far as we know, are only two, Chaucer and the laureate Pye. Chaucer's connection with Donnington is doubtful; but the Pyes are a Faringdon family, and the poet Pye planted that conspicuous clump of trees above the town on the west known as Faringdon Folly. His epic on 'Alfred' is Tom's favourite piece.

15th.—The wave of Conservatism seems to have brought with it a revival of interest in Heraldry. Or is this merely due to the savage mania for collecting book-plates? I bought to-day Miss Austen's 'Persuasion' in a rather pretty edition, and found *her* coat of arms printed inside the cover by way of *ex-libris*. The publishers seem to carry this piece of folly through all their reprints, Shakespeare, by way of eminence, having his achievement treated in two styles. Perhaps the new taste may spread in time to the upper classes, and prevent ladies printing their family crest on stationery within a shield. The taste would seem to have reached Cardinal Vaughan, who has conveyed to his own official use the Archbishop's arms of Canterbury. One observes too, that printers and publishers are reviving their old signs; Longmans publish 'at the Sign of the Ship;' the new poetry is sold 'at the Bodley Head,' or 'the bodiless head' as a humorist called it, and I have heard the suggestion made that the new type of 'evil and adulterous' novel should not be procurable except 'at the sign of the prophet Jonah.' This would be a useful guide to us country bumpkins. But to return to Miss Austen. I notice that the first page of this last edition of 'Persuasion' piously preserves the awkward misprint of a full-stop in the middle of the description of Sir Walter Elliot and the Baronetage:—'There any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt. As he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century, &c.'

16th.—Read debate on Navy Estimates. Virgil has put our foreign policy into a single line, 'Pacem orare manu, præfigere puppibus arma,' which one might translate, after Dryden, 'Provoke a peace and yet pretend a war.'

The 'Spectator,' surfeited for the moment of cat and dog stories, has been opening its voracious columns to a collection of Irish bulls, very curious wildfowl. Many of them present no recognisable bullish features; others are bulls in appearance only, and for the most part confusions of metaphor that happen to be amusing, of the type of the familiar 'he never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it' (which is not a bull, because *it* does not refer to the mouth, though it seems to). The story about 'never being able to keep an emetic on the stomach' is in the same way a bull only in appearance; for the remark has no sense at all if the man knew what an emetic was, unless he meant it humorously; and in neither case would it be a bull. It is of the essence of a bull that it should be nonsense in form only, not in matter. One of the best of those in the 'Spectator' is the following:—'When one counts the accidents, dangers, and diseases which beset the journey of life, the wonder is a man lives till he dies.' The Irish have no exclusive property in mixtures of metaphor, though their greater imaginativeness makes them more figurative in speech than the common run of Englishmen, and their impetuosity tends to confusion. The following passage is from the carefully written memoirs of one of the greatest English scholars of the century, Mark Pattison:—'Even at this day a country squire or rector, on *landing* with his *cub* under his *wing* in Oxford, finds himself much *at sea* as to the respective advantages or demerits of the various colleges' (p. 16); and of course Shakespeare mixes his metaphors freely.

18th.—I notice that household tempers get tinder-like in a prolonged drought, from the commander-in-chief downwards. Add to this that all the servants' arms have 'taken.' Time and a few drops of rain will allay these fevers. But meanwhile the rain does not come. 'Why don't you let David'—the ruddy buttons—'help you with that, Laura?' 'Please, sir, me and David hates each other.' 'My love, why is Proserpine all blubbered?' (Proserpine is so styled because she works upstairs in the morning and downstairs in the afternoon.) 'Oh, John, she has broken Uncle George's Venetian glass, and I have been speaking to her. I never saw such a careless girl; but there, they're all alike.'

19th.—At luncheon, Miss A., the Scotch governess, asked me if I liked buns. I replied that I liked them if they were made with Sultana raisins and not currants. She blushed, and explained that she meant the poet 'Buns.' This, it seems, is the patriotic manner of pronouncing Burns. Or let me say *a* patriotic manner. For I recollect being taken to hear a lecture in Edinburgh by a Scotch friend, who when it was over inveighed against the speaker's accent. 'Why,' said I, 'I thought it was Scotch!' 'Scotch,' said he, 'it was Fifeshire, man.' Miss A. may hail from Fife. Well, I pleaded to an enthusiasm for certain verses of the poet, and asked for her favourite passage. It was this:—

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Poor Miss A.! She showed me the Burns number of a Scots journal in which persons of importance gave their pet quotations. No one seemed to care for the best things. I suppose in the case of songs that are actually sung, it soon becomes impossible to criticise the words. I find even Dr. Service mentioning as the best of Burns's songs 'Mary Morison,' 'My Nanie O,' and 'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.' Now, unhappily, I am no songster and do not know the tunes of any of these; but I should unhesitatingly assert that to mention the first two in the same breath as the third is 'to unstop the string of all degree.' In 'Mary Morison' the only lines that deserve saying as well as singing are the final couplets of the second and third stanzas.

'I sigh'd and said among them a'
Ye are na Mary Morison.'

and

'A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.'

But these are not sufficient to compensate the insipidity of the rest. 'My Nanie O' opens well; after that there are irreproachable sentiments; but for 'the golden cadence of poesy,' *caret*. 'Of a' the airts' is a creature of another element. The first verse, perhaps, comes as near the border-line where simplicity joins tameness as is safe for a great poet, and the last two lines are not

good ; but what amends in the second stanza ! Even here I should not like to pin my faith to the fourth line, but the rest is as perfect as a song can be, both in pathos and imagination. It is an interesting study to compare the two versions of 'Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon.' The extra two syllables in the even lines of the later version seem to me to give the sorrow weight ; the shorter line is jerky in comparison.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon
How can ye blume sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie
bird,
That sings upon the bough :
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvie was true.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling
bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Burns never wrote anything so 'simple, sensuous, and passionate' as the first four lines of the amended version, the epithet 'little' seems to me exquisite ; but the second quatrain is spoilt, the last line being as bad as anything in his English songs. This inequality is a curious point about Burns ; where he is equal throughout, as in 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'John Anderson my Jo,' neither of which has a word one could wish other than it is, it is because the pitch is not very high ; in the poems, where he touches sublimity, the pitch is never maintained throughout. Few people would wish a line away from 'My luvie is like the red, red rose,' but few would deny that the first two stanzas are better than the last ; and in the 'Farewell to Nancy,' which contains his finest as well as his best known verses—and surely the love lyric in England has never so perfectly crystallised a tear—

But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

there occurs what is perhaps the worst couplet he ever wrote,

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

And he actually repeats these to end with. Of course Burns was a superb satirist, and to enjoy his satire one is content to make acquaintance with the Scotch Kirk, and the Scotch de'il, and even with Scotch haggis.

21st.—Rain at last, but too late and too little to save the hay. My wife and daughter have for a long time been involving me in a bicycle controversy. In vain have I repeated that my prejudices are against the exercise for women; they fixed upon the word 'prejudice' and called for reasons. I appealed to custom; Sophia thought it enough to point to the fashion; Eugenia knowing how penetrable I am to a quotation from Shakespeare, overbore me with 'What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,' &c., from *Coriolanus*. So I yielded, and it was arranged they should take lessons, and this morning I was permitted to accompany them to see their progress. E. was decidedly graceful and carried herself well; but what shall I say of my dear wife? I suppose being married affects the nerve in women even more than in men. She was for ever clutching at the loose locks of the perspiring youth who ran by the side ('O tie with silk your careless hair!'), and I consoled myself, too unkindly, for a dialectical defeat by pondering the lines in *Hyperion*—

She would have ta'en

Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck.

22nd.—The Johannesburg sentences telegraphed. President Kruger should be statesman enough to know, even if he has not read Burke, that 'magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom.'

To Oxford; wandered through the Bodleian gallery and looked at the old curiosities, and many new ones, such as the Shelley papers. How like Lord Salisbury is to the portrait of his great ancestor riding on a mule! Has Mr. Gould allegorised this? Walked about and told the towers. Probably St. Mary's spire will satisfy nobody. Why has B. N. C. put so monstrous a lion and unicorn over its new porch? Magdalen looked beautiful, but not so beautiful as before the bridge was widened for the tramway. Somehow the narrow bridge helped the height of the tower. But the modern spirit hates privilege, even the privilege of beauty; and only Radicals may job. There was much talk at luncheon about the admission of women to degrees. It seemed to be the married dons who had led the attack. Possibly they have lived so long on terms of insipid equality with the other sex that they do not realise the effect of mixed lectures upon impressionable undergraduates. Courtship is like 'hunt the whistle;' you can't play at it with any interest after you know the game. But there are always fresh generations coming up to whom the

whole thing is new ; and, let dons say what they please, the Universities, no less than the Public Schools, exist for the training of youth. Happily, the undergraduates so far take the Conservative side. The Radical party forget, too, that if it became as much the fashion for girls as for men to reside at a university, they would no longer be all 'reading girls,' as at present, but a smart set, and what the effect would be Ouida alone could prognosticate. In the afternoon strolled round the Parks, but was driven by weather into the Museum. The anthropological collections seem well arranged, and very interesting, especially the musical instruments. Who would have guessed that the guitar is a development from the bow-string ? The new Professor of Art was lecturing in the theatre to a few, but doubtless fit, ladies. Of the matter I could not judge, but the style was excellent—simple, dignified, and finished, without the over-elaboration usually affected by art-lecturers. One passage especially struck me—upon the splendid audacity of pigments in attempting to render human character, and succeeding. Went to the service at Magdalen Chapel—performance I would say. Dined with —, dessert in common room ; vintage and anecdotes both old and sound, so that no one desired new ; 'across the' chestnuts 'and the wine' renewed my friendship with —

23rd.—This morning's 'Standard' celebrates the close of the session by a leading article, in the conventional three paragraphs, on the Beauties of Nature. But the new wine retains a strong constitutional smack from the old bottles. The 'golden tassels of the laburnum' overhang 'hundreds of villa residences,' each 'a typical English home,' and when we escape from the suburbs it is to contemplate the 'county seats and splendidly timbered parks, through which run rights of way preserved for the public from generation to generation.' It always was the landlords who preserved rights of way, and commons too. But it is not only the striking features of the landscape, it is the inscrutable spirit of the Universe itself that is to be whipped into the Government lobby. 'Nature is a *Conservative* force, admonishing us all to keep together, to act together,' by joining her flocks of sheep or leagues of primroses ; her method is 'a wise, slow continuity, evolving and revolving,' like the Great Wheel, no doubt, and 'patient under passing disappointments,' as, for example, when it gets stuck. It is a great faith and ennobles politics with a religious sanction. But it is a game that two can play at ; and it strikes me that the

Radicals could make out a better abstract case for themselves as followers of Nature. Take, for instance, the following passage from a scientific writer; what a capital text it would make for a dithyrambic leader in the 'Daily Chronicle'!—'Physical life may be said to be the continual struggle every moment against surrounding and imminent death; the resistance of an undiscoverable principle against unceasing forces; and it holds its own and lasts *by replacing waste, by repairing injuries, by counteracting poisons.*'

25th.—Whit-Monday is a high day with many of the Benefit Clubs in our neighbourhood. It has in fact taken the place of the old Berkshire feast or 'revel,' which was already fast decomposing when Hughes described it in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' There is only one old man in the village, so far as I can learn, who ever took part in a 'back-swording' contest, and he only once. His story is that an 'old gamester' asked him to make play for him, promising to let him off easily; but the incessant flicker of the single-stick before his eyes so roused his bile that, being a brawny fellow, he beat down the old gamester's guard by sheer force and 'broke his head.' He has no sentimental regret at the disappearance of backswording, which, as he describes it, must have been brutal enough; and he insists that the wrestling was as bad, the shoes of the wrestlers being often full of blood from cuts made by the sharp leather. A degenerate age is content with cricket and football, which are vastly better civilisers both of thews and temper. All the morning on Whit-Monday, the purveyors of amusement, mostly gipsy, are getting their stalls, and cocoanut pavilions, and merry-go-rounds into place; then the town band arrives a little before noon and plays the members into church. Dinner follows in the big barn, the gentlemen interested in the club doing the carving. When everybody is well wound up, the annual meeting is held, the honorary secretary makes an inaudible report, new officers are elected, the Queen's health is drunk, and everybody proposes a vote of thanks to everybody else. Then the whole company migrates into Tom's park and gardens to watch the cricket-match, or swing or loaf as their fancy leads them, except a few thirsty enthusiasts who prefer playing skittles at the Blue Boar for a cheese to make them thirstier. In time comes dancing, and in time the band marches out of the park drawing the youths and maidens after it.

27th.—'Punch' has another picture joke this week about a

bishop. Of course there are well-known reasons why the Church of England is not much in favour with our chief comic paper, but they are scarcely sufficient to account for the frequency with which bishops adorn its pages; and to one who, like myself, has an almost Waltonian affection for the bench this determination to find or make them ridiculous is provoking. It would not be an unprofitable matter for consideration at the next Church Congress. The dress may have something to do with it, especially the 'apron,' as it is called, which does not explain itself as a walking cassock. One of Julian Sturgis's most successful 'Little Comedies' turns upon a bishop unbuttoning his apron. Then there is the shovel-hat, which came in, says Fitzgerald, 'with the gift of tongs;' so that is doubtless preserved as a standing witness to the Apostolical Succession. Then, of course, there is the dignity: so difficult to manage because it came late in life, though in that bishops are no worse off than law lords; but still more because it is so curious an amalgam of worldly and spiritual elements. One could not imagine the mildest of barristers apologising to the Lord Chancellor for one of his lordship's breakfast eggs, that 'parts of it were excellent,' as 'Punch' makes a curate apologise to his bishop. And then, again, there is the 'madam' or 'mistress,' about whom Selden made so merry, and in these all but last days Trollope; sharing in neither dignity, but too often affecting a higher degree of both. There is no doubt that the world loves asceticism in its clergy; Manning's face must have been worth a good deal to his adopted Church. However, the cassock matter might well be referred to a committee of the Upper House of Convocation. An inch or two might make all the difference: 'A little more and how much it is!' 'Punch's' joke reminds me of a story I heard of ——'s little girl. She was put next to Bishop —— at luncheon, and told to behave herself accordingly. Her mode of doing so was to say, 'For G——'s sake, Bishop, pass the salt.'

29th.—The scythes have begun in the bottom meadow; there is no more cheerful sight and no more delicious sound, when the grass is worth cutting, but this year it is all 'bennets.' 'It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because there is no bottom.' Turned over Bacon's 'Essays.' He is not Shakespeare, but he is often as surprisingly modern, sentence after sentence seems written with an eye to current events. Take this, for instance: 'To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy' (*i.e.* a mo-

narchy in miniature). Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal dowries of the kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass; and because the wealth of both Indies seems in great part but an accessory to the command of the seas.'

And here is our Armenian policy. Among unjustifiable wars Bacon ranks those 'made by foreigners under the pretence of justice or protection to deliver the subject of others from tyranny and oppression.'

And here is a judgment on the Transvaal Government: 'All States that are liberal of naturalisation towards strangers are fit for empire.'

Here, too, is one side of the Colonial Secretary: 'Wonderful is the case of boldness in civil business: What first? Boldness. What second and third? *Boldness*. It doth fascinate and bind hand and foot; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action.' This is, of course, the passage from which Danton stole his 'Il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.'

Here is a good criticism on the Drink Commission: 'In choice of committees for ripening business for the Council, it is better to choose indifferent persons than to make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both sides.'

Finally, the following judgment of a great soldier on duelling might well be commended to the notice of the German Emperor: 'It were good that men did hearken to the saying of Consalvo, the great and famous commander, that was wont to say "a gentleman's honour should be *de tela crassiore*—of a good strong warp or web, that every little thing should not catch in it.'"

30th.—The post this morning has more waste paper than ever. There are six prospectuses of joint-stock companies, most of them offering gold mines. Will Africa never cease blowing bubbles? It is not insignificant that money-lenders' letters are increasing in proportion. There are a couple to-day. One gentleman suggests 'remunerative but not exorbitant interest,' and writes in a boyish hand that is very frank and engaging. Indeed, I opened the letter first, thinking it was from Harry. The other fellow puts a crest on his envelope, a hound's head with the motto,

'Fides in adversis,' which is even more touching. It strikes me that 'a crocodile's head, the eyes distilling tears, all proper,' with for motto 'Beati pauperes,' or 'Dare quam accipere,' would be much more appropriate. Then there is an enormous circular from a gentleman who is urgent that I should go with him on an educational tour to Jericho, or a co-operative cruise to shoot polar bears. And then there are the wine-lists. There is no such good reading to be had, if you lunch alone, as an advertiser's wine-list; to a person of imagination and gouty tendency it is more stimulating and far more innocuous than the wine itself. Indeed, I suspect that what these vintners sell is not half so precious as their description of it.

THE MALWOOD ECLOGUES.

[The rumour that Sir W. Harcourt, in the sylvan solitudes of the New Forest and beneath the giant beeches of Malwood—'recubans sub tegmine fagi'—is preparing a new edition of Virgil is, we fear, too good to be true. Were he, however, to attempt the work, he would naturally turn first of all to the 'Pollio'—Virgil's passionate appeal for a new leader, and fit it to the circumstances of his own party—as much in need of some one to lead them as the Roman world nearly 1,900 years ago.—ED. *Cornhill*.]

YE Muses of Monmouth, permit me, I pray,
To abandon the leek for the loftier bay,
And renounce, while I fathom futurity's vista,
E'en so regal a shrub as the *planta genista* :
Yet if trees be my burden, O graciously grant
My song may the grandest of woodmen enchant.

As I stand peering over the century's verge,
Weird shapes from the womb of the future emerge :
New Women I see, of inordinate *nous*,
Returned to recruit an effeminate House,
While a fresh and entirely regenerate race
Shall our decadent sons and their sisters replace.
Nay, e'en at this moment, so drear and forlorn,
Is the Leader we long for about to be born !
O cherish him tenderly, good Mrs. Gamp,
And guard the first flickering rays of his lamp,
For beneath his benign and inspiring sway
The wildest Welsh members shall meekly obey,

POLLIO

Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus ;
Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ :
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas :
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina ; tuus jam regnat Apollo.

bishop. Of course there are well-known reasons why the Church of England is not much in favour with our chief comic paper, but they are scarcely sufficient to account for the frequency with which bishops adorn its pages; and to one who, like myself, has an almost Waltonian affection for the bench this determination to find or make them ridiculous is provoking. It would not be an unprofitable matter for consideration at the next Church Congress. The dress may have something to do with it, especially the 'apron,' as it is called, which does not explain itself as a walking cassock. One of Julian Sturgis's most successful 'Little Comedies' turns upon a bishop unbuttoning his apron. Then there is the shovel-hat, which came in, says Fitzgerald, 'with the gift of tongs;' so that is doubtless preserved as a standing witness to the Apostolical Succession. Then, of course, there is the dignity: so difficult to manage because it came late in life, though in that bishops are no worse off than law lords; but still more because it is so curious an amalgam of worldly and spiritual elements. One could not imagine the mildest of barristers apologising to the Lord Chancellor for one of his lordship's breakfast eggs, that 'parts of it were excellent,' as 'Punch' makes a curate apologise to his bishop. And then, again, there is the 'madam' or 'mistress,' about whom Selden made so merry, and in these all but last days Trollope; sharing in neither dignity, but too often affecting a higher degree of both. There is no doubt that the world loves asceticism in its clergy; Manning's face must have been worth a good deal to his adopted Church. However, the cassock matter might well be referred to a committee of the Upper House of Convocation. An inch or two might make all the difference: 'A little more and how much it is!' 'Punch's' joke reminds me of a story I heard of ——'s little girl. She was put next to Bishop —— at luncheon, and told to behave herself accordingly. Her mode of doing so was to say, 'For G——'s sake, Bishop, pass the salt.'

29th.—The scythes have begun in the bottom meadow; there is no more cheerful sight and no more delicious sound, when the grass is worth cutting, but this year it is all 'bennets.' 'It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because there is no bottom.' Turned over Bacon's 'Essays.' He is not Shakespeare, but he is often as surprisingly modern, sentence after sentence seems written with an eye to current events. Take this, for instance: 'To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy' (*i.e.* a mo-

narchy in miniature). Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal dowries of the kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass; and because the wealth of both Indies seems in great part but an accessory to the command of the seas.'

And here is our Armenian policy. Among unjustifiable wars Bacon ranks those 'made by foreigners under the pretence of justice or protection to deliver the subject of others from tyranny and oppression.'

And here is a judgment on the Transvaal Government: 'All States that are liberal of naturalisation towards strangers are fit for empire.'

Here, too, is one side of the Colonial Secretary: 'Wonderful is the case of boldness in civil business: What first? Boldness. What second and third? *Boldness*. It doth fascinate and bind hand and foot; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action.' This is, of course, the passage from which Danton stole his 'Il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.'

Here is a good criticism on the Drink Commission: 'In choice of committees for ripening business for the Council, it is better to choose indifferent persons than to make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both sides.'

Finally, the following judgment of a great soldier on duelling might well be commended to the notice of the German Emperor: 'It were good that men did hearken to the saying of Consalvo, the great and famous commander, that was wont to say "a gentleman's honour should be *de tela crassiore*—of a good strong warp or web, that every little thing should not catch in it."'

30th.—The post this morning has more waste paper than ever. There are six prospectuses of joint-stock companies, most of them offering gold mines. Will Africa never cease blowing bubbles? It is not insignificant that money-lenders' letters are increasing in proportion. There are a couple to-day. One gentleman suggests 'remunerative but not exorbitant interest,' and writes in a boyish hand that is very frank and engaging. Indeed, I opened the letter first, thinking it was from Harry. The other fellow puts a crest on his envelope, a hound's head with the motto,

'Fides in adversis,' which is even more touching. It strikes me that 'a crocodile's head, the eyes distilling tears, all proper,' with for motto 'Beati pauperes,' or 'Dare quam accipere,' would be much more appropriate. Then there is an enormous circular from a gentleman who is urgent that I should go with him on an educational tour to Jericho, or a co-operative cruise to shoot polar bears. And then there are the wine-lists. There is no such good reading to be had, if you lunch alone, as an advertiser's wine-list; to a person of imagination and gouty tendency it is more stimulating and far more innocuous than the wine itself. Indeed, I suspect that what these vintners sell is not half so precious as their description of it.

THE MALWOOD ECLOGUES.

[The rumour that Sir W. Harcourt, in the sylvan solitudes of the New Forest and beneath the giant beeches of Malwood—'recubans sub tegmine fagi'—is preparing a new edition of Virgil is, we fear, too good to be true. Were he, however, to attempt the work, he would naturally turn first of all to the 'Pollio'—Virgil's passionate appeal for a new leader, and fit it to the circumstances of his own party—as much in need of some one to lead them as the Roman world nearly 1,900 years ago.—ED. *Cornhill.*]

YE Muses of Monmouth, permit me, I pray,
To abandon the leek for the loftier bay,
And renounce, while I fathom futurity's vista,
E'en so regal a shrub as the *planta genista* :
Yet if trees be my burden, O graciously grant
My song may the grandest of woodmen enchant.

As I stand peering over the century's verge,
Weird shapes from the womb of the future emerge :
New Women I see, of inordinate *nous*,
Returned to recruit an effeminate House,
While a fresh and entirely regenerate race
Shall our decadent sons and their sisters replace.
Nay, e'en at this moment, so drear and forlorn,
Is the Leader we long for about to be born !
O cherish him tenderly, good Mrs. Gamp,
And guard the first flickering rays of his lamp,
For beneath his benign and inspiring sway
The wildest Welsh members shall meekly obey,

POLLIO

Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus ;
Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ ;
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas ;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina ; tuus jam regnat Apollo.

And the iron that recently entered our soul
 Turn to golden content as we march to our goal.
 O fortunate bantling! the great 'Mr. G.'
 Will probably give you a ride on his knee,
 Guide your faltering steps in the way they should go,
 And gratuitous hints for the future bestow,
 Till in fulness of time compensation is paid
 For the bulls and the blunders that R—— made:
 Till, immersed in theology, ev'ry M.P.
 On the Liberal benches becomes a D.D.
 And our Leader, buoyed up with legitimate pride,
 Finds only the angels arrayed on his side.

In your childhood, sweet babe, shall the generous earth
 Bring all manner of gifts to spontaneous birth.
 Thus the rarest of orchids that Highbury boasts
 Shall enamel our uplands and colour our coasts;
 While the broadest of beans shall profusely abound
 Hodge's bacon to beautify all the year round.
 The chimerical cow that was promised by Jesse,
 Shall be there with her milk and three acres *in esse*,
 And the merciless lions of Fleet Street no more
 Stun the ears of the mob with mechanical roar.
 Of itself shall your cradle by magic assume
 A garb of the rarest and tenderest bloom;
 Ev'ry snake shall be scotched, nor will any excuse
 Be allowed for distilling of Parnellite juice,
 And a constant aurora of sweetness and light
 Steep the sky to the zenith from morning till night.

Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te Consule inibit,
 Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses:
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
 Ille deûm vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
 Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis;
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
 Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera; nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores,
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.

By the time you are able, now grown to a boy,
 In the pages of Hansard to read and enjoy
 The orations of those who, as firm as a rock,
 Fought the closure so gallantly all round the clock—
 No more shall the farmer, with Chaplin's assistance,
 Keep the wolf of Free Trade at an adequate distance :
 For his wheat as by magic shall ripen unsown,
 And grapes upon blackberry bushes be grown,
 And the vintage of Ventnor, the *crus* of the Tyne,
 Vie in bouquet and body with those of the Rhine ;
 While honey will flow in Hyde Park from the trees
 Without the conventional efforts of bees.

Still perfection can never be reached at a bound,
 And traces of guilt for a while shall be found.
 Buccaneers will continue to run their blockades,
 Filibusters indulge in occasional raids,
 And Presidents form, at enormous expense,
 Pretorian guards for their country's defence.
 Should war be declared, the occasion will breed
 New Nelsons to answer our nautical need ;
 While if our opponents should venture to land,
 A new Iron Duke will be ready to hand,
 And maintain the imperilled prestige of the nation
 As he steams in a 'special' from Waterloo Station.

But when our new Leader to manhood is come,
 Ev'ry sword shall be sheathed, ev'ry trumpet be dumb.
 No trafficking hulls o'er the ocean shall fare,
 No bagmen from city to city repair,
 For ev'rything needful will grow ev'rywhere.

At simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
 Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
 Molli paullatim flavescent campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
 Pauca tamen suberunt priscæ vestigia fraudis,
 Quæ tentare Thetin ratibus, quæ cingere muris
 Oppida, quæ jubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
 Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
 Delectos heroas : erunt etiam altera bella ;
 Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.
 Hinc ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
 Cedet et ipse mari vector ; nec nautica pinus
 Mutabit merces ; omnis feret omnia tellus.

Then, relieved from the annual labours of sowing,
 Of ploughing and stacking, of reaping and hoeing,
 Ev'ry son of the soil, whether stupid or clever,
 Will be free to do nothing for ever and ever :
 As for weavers and dyers, they'll find, the poor
 fellows,

Their whole occupation is gone, like Othello's.
 For the rams in the field, if you ask them politely,
 Will furnish all colours and patterns, like Whiteley :
 And the frolicking lamb, as the grasses he chews,
 Assume the most gorgeous of Liberty's hues.

'O ages of bliss,' sang the Sisters of Doom,
 Each addressing her spindle, 'continue to boom.'
 For lo! the young Leader we long for, whose face
 Betrays his descent from a conquering race,
 Will shortly take over the duties of chief,
 And advance to our composite Party's relief.
 See, with joy at his coming the welkin resounds,
 And the land and the sea, to their uttermost bounds,
 Are stirred with a deep elemental delight
 Now the joys of Utopia are fairly in sight.
 And O, should kind Chamberlain, merciful sage,
 Prolong by a Pension my sanguine Old Age,
 Until I were able at last to acclaim
 In appropriate measures your worth and your fame,—
 Why, the stateliest stanzas that Tennyson built
 Won't compare with my verse's impetuous lilt.

Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem :
 Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.
 Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores ;
 Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti
 Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto ;
 Sponte sua sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.
 Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
 Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.
 Aggredere o magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum !
 Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
 Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum
 Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.
 O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !
 Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,

I shall soar above Swinburne, outshine even Shelley,
Out-Eric Mackay and out-Marie Corelli :
Nay, should Austin himself in a contest engage
At the gilded Alhambra, and sing from the stage,
I'm sure the Alhambra's decision would be
That Austin was finally flattened by me.

CHARLES L. GRAVES.

Nec Linus ; huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

CLARISSA FURIOSA.¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR ROBERT TRIES TO SET HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

'AN enemy hath done this thing'—such was the perfectly sensible conclusion to which Madeline came, after she had torn Madame de Castelmoron's composition into very small fragments and was staring at them with a dull heartache which was to be assuaged by no conclusion of that nature. Raoul might have been painted in rather darker colours than he deserved, his nameless accuser might have had other motives than had appeared for attacking him; but what then? Was not the mere fact that he had made so bitter an enemy of a woman proof sufficient of his guilt? At all events, plain statements of facts, such as his prolonged sojourn in the house of the *belle Marquise de C.*, are susceptible of easy proof or disproof, and are scarcely likely to be made unless they can be substantiated.

Now, there are certain offences which may be pardoned with more or less of an effort, and it is often asserted that we must needs forgive anything and everything to those whom we really love; but there is one thing which never can be and never ought to be forgiven, and that is treachery. In her heart Madeline knew well enough that Raoul de Malglaive had loved her; in her heart she had always expected that he would end by telling her so; and now it seemed that such was actually his intention. Yet this did not prevent him from amusing himself in the meantime with philanderings of which he naturally assumed that she would never hear. That might be a man's notion of honour and fair play: it was not hers, nor could she avoid the conviction that she had bestowed the best that she had to give upon one who had already received many such gifts and placed no exaggerated value upon them. She could no more recall what she had given than she could have caused one of her limbs to grow again, if it had been cut off. Had he been the greatest scoundrel upon earth, she must

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still have continued to love him ; but what was a matter of absolute certitude was that she would never marry him. Indeed, she derived a certain half-conscious solace from the prospect of scornfully rejecting him in a few months' time. Madame de Castelmoron, it must be owned, knew what she was about when she credited Miss Luttrell with a disinclination to 'go shares' in any man's affections.

From that day forth Guy noticed that his homilies upon the subject of matrimony were listened to by his sister with a decided falling off of patience and interest. She was ready to go out shooting with him ; she was ready to applaud him when he shot well—as, in truth, he almost always did—and she liked to hear anecdotes about sport in Ceylon and elsewhere ; but she told him frankly that she had made up her mind with regard to questions upon which he differed from her, and added that she was rather tired of being exhorted to do what she had no intention of doing. Once she horrified him by calmly announcing that she had thoughts of entering 'the religious life.'

'Good Lord !' he exclaimed, aghast ; 'go into a convent, do you mean ? My dear child, you must be insane ! Nuns don't have faces like yours.'

'Yes, it would be a sad waste, wouldn't it !' returned Madeline ; 'all your sex would have a right to feel that they had been defrauded. But I only said I had had thoughts of it ; I don't suppose I shall do it. They tell me I have no vocation.'

'Whoever "they" may be, I trust they will continue to impress that undoubted truth upon you,' said Guy. 'One thing is that you will hardly excite their cupidity ; for I'm afraid you will never have much money to give them. It's partly on that account——'

'Oh, yes, I know,' interrupted the girl ; 'it's partly, if not chiefly, on that account that you want me to marry. Yet, if the worst comes to the worst, we shall not starve, I presume, and there are greater miseries than poverty. Surely you must acknowledge that, considering that you might be a good deal better off than you are, if you chose.'

This home-thrust had the desired effect of causing Guy to change the subject. If there was one thing of which he was thoroughly determined, it was that he would never touch another sixpence of his wife's money, and from sundry hints which had been conveyed to him since his arrival at Haccombe Luttrell he

was well aware that the maintenance of his determination would entail the risk of something like a quarrel with his parents. He had, in fact, been at no small pains to avoid being left for five minutes with his father, and had rushed round to the stables immediately after dinner every night, upon the plea that he was required to attend to a sick horse. At length, however, an evening came when he was not permitted thus to make his escape.

'Sit down again, my dear fellow,' said Sir Robert; 'there are several things that I must tell you, and if you don't want to hear them, I am sure I don't want to say them. But sooner or later one finds that one has to do what one doesn't want to do. One doesn't particularly want to die, for instance; yet I am going to die.'

'So are we all,' remarked Guy.

'Yes; but I mean that I am going to die very soon. You needn't say anything about it to your mother—it would only distress her and do no manner of good—but I have had symptoms lately—I remember my father's death and how things went with him towards the last—well, the long and the short of it is that it behoves me to set my house in order, as far as I can.'

Sir Robert and his eldest son had always been pretty good friends, although it had never been their custom to interchange affectionate phrases. Guy got up quickly now, walked round the table, and, laying his hand upon the elder man's shoulder, looked earnestly into his face for a moment. That was quite enough; they understood each other; and if Sir Robert's laugh was a little tremulous, his weak state of health was a sufficient excuse.

'I may hang on for another year or so,' he resumed; 'there's no telling. But then again, I may go out at any moment; and perhaps I ought to ask your pardon before it is too late. When I succeeded my father, I came into an unencumbered estate and a fairly large income: what you will succeed to, I am sorry to say, is a property so heavily mortgaged that, unless you have a great deal more money at your disposal than I shall be able to leave you, it will hardly be in your power to prevent foreclosure.'

'Don't you bother about that,' answered Guy, replying rather to the pathetic, pleading look in his father's eyes than to anything that had been said; 'it's no fault of yours that land isn't what it used to be, and I don't forget that you have had to pay my debts more than once. Of course one is rather sorry that the old place should pass into the hands of strangers; but, after all, what's the

use of trying to live in a style that one can't afford? *I shall be all right; I've known for a long time past that it wasn't my destiny to become a landed proprietor.*

'But it may yet be your destiny,' said Sir Robert, with a certain subdued eagerness; 'it may be—well, I should call it your duty. I can't tell you who the mortgagees are; the whole thing is in such a muddle, and I have never had any head for figures. Dent has managed these matters for me, and I have a strong impression—I should not be in the least surprised to hear that he held the mortgages himself. If so——'

'Yes?' said Guy, his face hardening a little.

Sir Robert did not finish his sentence. He shifted his position slightly, poured out a glass of wine, which he drank, drummed with his fingers upon the tablecloth for a minute, and then continued:

'I must get your mother to ask Dent down here for a few days; I want to talk to him about business matters. But if we ask him, I think we ought to—indeed, it seems to me that we must—ask your wife too.'

'By all means,' answered Guy composedly. 'Of course you will mention that I am here, and then she can choose for herself whether she will accept the invitation or not. Only I had better say at once that there isn't going to be a reconciliation.'

'But why not?' demanded Sir Robert irritably; 'in the name of commonsense, why not? I know nothing of what your married life has been; but it is easy to guess the origin of this foolish split, and surely—considering how much depends upon it—surely, if you have done wrong, you ought not to be above admitting as much.'

'Oh, if I have done wrong, I'll admit as much,' said Guy; 'but it is exactly because so much depends upon it that I can't do more. However, I may tell you for your comfort that I don't believe Clarissa would consent to live with me again even if I crawled on my hands and knees to implore her to rescue me from poverty. She would make me a very handsome allowance, I am sure; but unfortunately I am so wrong-headed that I should prefer poverty to the allowance.'

Sir Robert groaned. He could have dealt with two wrong-headed people, he thought, if his own head had felt a little more clear, and if he had had the prospect of a little more time in which to deal with them; but now loss of time might mean loss of everything!

'At least,' he said finally, 'you will be civil to her, if she comes, I hope.'

'Of course I will,' answered Guy, laughing. 'Shall we go into the drawing-room now?'

But he was not given the chance of keeping or breaking his word in that respect; for, a few days later, Mr. Dent wrote to say that he himself would come to Hacombe Luttrell at once, but that his niece had engagements which would prevent her from accompanying him. The old gentleman arrived just before dinner one evening, and was at once taken to task by Lady Luttrell, who, without having all her husband's reasons for disquietude, still thought it high time that an estrangement which had already lasted far too long should be brought to an end.

'Why haven't you brought Clarissa with you? It is really too bad of you! You must have known how we are longing to see her and our darling little Netta. And now that Guy is here too!'

'The chief reason why I have not brought her, my dear lady,' answered Mr. Dent, smiling, 'is that she wouldn't come. If you are acquainted with any way of making independent persons do what they decline to do, I should be glad to hear of it. We have all heard, to be sure, that the most obstinate of donkeys may be persuaded to advance by the ingenious expedient of dangling a carrot before his nose; but, candidly now—do you think that, under all the circumstances, Guy could be made to play the part of a carrot?'

'Really I don't know,' answered Lady Luttrell despondently; 'but I am quite sure that Clarissa is playing the part of a donkey.'

Mr. Dent did not contradict her. It is to be feared that, if he had given utterance to the thought that was in his mind, he would have said something about Clarissa's and Lady Luttrell's sex altogether out of keeping with the urbane manners for which he was deservedly renowned. But in truth there are only too many donkeys of both sexes in the world, and when one is a shrewd old banker and man of business, one must perforce admit that many of one's best friends merit that uncomplimentary description.

As for poor Sir Robert Luttrell, whom no member of the House of Commons would have thought for one moment of calling a fool, his folly in the management of his private affairs had been very great indeed, and it was now much too late in the day to tell him

so. Mr. Dent had told him so on previous occasions emphatically enough, but without any good result : the only thing to be done at present was to remind him that the sale of his London house had placed a considerable sum of ready money to his credit.

'Your father,' said Mr. Dent to Guy on the following morning, 'must not be worried about money. I will take it upon myself to say that, so long as he lives, there shall be no occasion for him to be worried. After his death, of course, the inevitable will have to be faced.'

'Do you think he is really so ill, then?' asked Guy.

Mr. Dent sighed. 'I think it would take very little to kill him ; and that is a sad thing for me to have to say ; because I am an old man myself, and I have seen most of my friends start already on the journey which leads to swift oblivion. I know very well that I shall sign my own death-warrant on the day when I retire from business : that is the way with us all. And your father, you see, has practically retired. He has been talking a good deal to me about you and Clarissa. If his mind could be set at ease upon that subject, I have very little doubt that his health would benefit.'

'I'm afraid that's impossible,' said Guy.

'I am afraid it is.'

Mr. Dent resumed, after a short pause. 'May I ask whether you are very angry with your wife?—angry, that is, to the extent of refusing to take her back or be taken back by her?'

'My dear sir,' answered Guy, 'it is my wife who, rightly or wrongly, is angry with me and has chosen to separate herself from me. When she comes and tells me that she regrets having done so, it will be time enough for me to consider what I ought to do. But neither to please her nor you nor myself, nor even to prolong my father's life, am I going to take one single step to meet her. Please, understand that, once for all.'

Mr. Dent nodded. 'I see,' said he. 'Well, I have observed no symptoms of regret on her part as yet, and I can't pretend to think that any step you could take would bring you nearer to her. I suspect that you have not behaved as well to her as you ought to have done ; but perhaps you will allow me to say that, in my opinion, you are behaving very like a gentleman now. You are aware, no doubt, that by being just a shade less punctilious you would make yourself secure of being tolerably well-to-do for the rest of your days.'

'You mean,' said Guy, 'that Clarissa is rich now, that she will be very much richer when you die, and that she would make me rich as soon as look at me—a good deal sooner than look at me, in fact. Yes, I am aware of that ; and I still say that I have no conditions to propose to her, except the one which I have insisted upon all along—that I am to see Netta as often as I like.'

'Then,' said Mr. Dent, 'let us hold our tongues. Your brother, I hear, is coming down to-day. Will you, if you get the chance, warn him that he will do no good by boasting of his influence with my niece? His influence, at the present stage, amounts to zero ; but, being a parson—and a most excellent and hard-working parson too, I am sure—it is difficult for him to realise that, and your father is sure to consult him. Try to make him see that your father must not be agitated, and that the subject of your marriage is one of several subjects which had better be regarded as forbidden for the present.'

Paul, who, in obedience to the solicitations of his parents, was about to spend his well-earned annual holiday in his old home, had determined, it must be confessed, to take that opportunity of saying once more what he felt it to be incumbent upon him to say ; but, after a short interview with Guy and another with Mr. Dent, he rather reluctantly consented to comply with their wishes.

'Of course,' he told the former, 'I would not for the world say or do anything to upset my father ; but you seem to admit that it would do him a great deal of good to hear that there was a prospect of your making friends with Clarissa, and that prospect certainly ought to exist. I don't altogether stand up for her ; I don't say that I consider her justified in having left you ; yet you will admit, I suppose, that there have been faults on both sides. And the help that she has given me in my work among the poor does seem to me to show, after all, that her heart is in the right place.'

'I dare say it does,' answered Guy, 'and I trust that the poor are properly grateful. But I'm afraid her heart won't find its way to this place, poor as we are down here. Moreover, you won't persuade me to invite it, charm you never so wisely. So, if the governor says anything to you, please tell him that it will be all right one of these fine days (which, I am sure, is what you think), and begin to talk about something else.'

In this way Sir Robert's uneasiness was to some extent allayed,

and although he had become curiously listless, silent and apathetic, none of those about him, with the exception of Mr. Dent, could see that his condition was such as to warrant alarm. Paul, recognising that Guy was in no humour to be preached to, sensibly refrained from preaching to him; but he assured Lady Luttrell and Madeline that he did not at all despair of ultimate success.

‘I think,’ he told the latter, ‘I may say that I have some little influence over Clarissa, and I shall try to use it at the right moment. While neither she nor Guy will condescend to take the first step, one can only hold one’s peace and have patience; but it is very evident to me that they are too angry with one another to remain apart for ever.’

His influence over Clarissa, which, according to Mr. Dent, amounted to zero, amounted in reality to rather more than that; though it certainly was not powerful enough to bring about a change in her convictions. She admired him for his life of cheerful self-sacrifice; she was interested in the work upon which he was engaged and flattered when he allowed her to take an amateurish share therein; she knew, too, that he had not been in the least impressed by achievements of hers which had won her adulation in other quarters, and perhaps that inclined her to think more highly of him. She had, it appeared, been present at the nuptials of Sally Brown, and had profited by the occasion to deliver a lecture upon matrimony so opposed to the precepts of the law and the teaching of the Church as quite to shock the newly-married couple.

‘However,’ said Paul, ‘she provided the wedding-gown and paid for the subsequent feast, besides presenting Sam with a substantial sum towards the enlargement of his stock in trade; so I suppose they thought it would be uncivil and ungrateful to argue with her. Afterwards Sam confided to me that, although she was a nice lady, he feared she was “a bit off her chump.”’

Madeline was not altogether disposed to concur in Sam’s verdict. ‘Clarissa may be wrong about married people,’ she remarked; ‘when once they are married, they are married, and I dare say they ought to bear whatever may happen; but it seems to me that almost all marriages are a mistake. Why shouldn’t one keep one’s liberty?’

Paul and she had been out sailing together, and were running swiftly back towards Hacombe harbour before the wind, when she put this query. Her companion sapiently replied:

'The general opinion is that married women have more liberty than spinsters, and no women, married or single, really care a straw about liberty. That is the unquestionable truth—though I confess that it isn't unquestioned.'

'Well, I am as free as I want to be, anyhow,' Madeline declared, 'and I am satisfied to remain as I am. I should like just to stand still, or sit still, for the rest of my days.'

'I doubt very much whether you would,' returned Paul laughing, 'and it is certain that you can't. You have appeared once already in the first column of the "Times," you must appear there once again, and in all probability you will appear more than once. Do you imagine that Clarissa or anybody else is going to alter the inexorable monotony of human existence? As for your remaining where you are in a literal sense, that is clearly impossible; for what you and I still call "home" is only a house which belongs for the present to our father and will soon belong to somebody else. I don't urge you to marry against your inclination; but I can't shut my eyes to the fact that the best thing you can do is to marry.'

'You too!' exclaimed Madeline impatiently. 'If you only knew how sick I am of having that advice impressed upon me, and what a relief it is to meet a single human being, like Clarissa, who is less inexorably monotonous!'

'But I was not offering advice,' said Paul; 'I was only venturing to make an assertion.'

That his assertion was justified by impending and inevitable events was proved to them after a melancholy fashion when they reached the house, in front of which the doctor's dog-cart was waiting. The doctor himself came out, as they were entering, drew Paul aside and whispered a few words to him.

'A seizure?' repeated the latter, in startled accents. 'What sort of seizure?'

'Oh, well; a stroke of paralysis, to call things by their names. He will get over it this time, I think; he has already recovered consciousness; but——' The doctor broke off and shook his head ominously.

'Of course,' he added, 'I have sent a telegram to London for further advice, since Lady Luttrell desired me to do so. I shall be back myself in a few hours.'

Then he assumed a cheerful countenance for Madeline's benefit. 'Don't distress yourself, my dear young lady. Your

father has had a rather alarming little attack; but he will be much better to-morrow, we hope. Meanwhile, he is to be kept quite quiet, please; so you must not go up to his room.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLARISSA STRAINS HER CONSCIENCE.

THE first column of the 'Times,' in which, as Paul Luttrell had told his sister, the names of us all are bound to appear at least twice, was soon to announce that the Right Honourable Sir Robert Luttrell had ceased to form one of the community which he had long and faithfully served. The same newspaper would contain a full obituary notice of the deceased statesman and possibly even a leading article, recapitulating the incidents of his public career; for in the autumn there is always a little difficulty about finding matter for leading articles, and although Sir Robert had never been amongst the very foremost of his contemporaries, he had rubbed shoulders with them.

All this Mr. Dent foresaw, not having been deceived by the partial rally which had enabled the doctor to speak comforting words to Lady Luttrell; all this was foreseen also by Lady Luttrell herself, whose grief was the more pitiable to witness because, through long practice, she had learnt how to keep her emotions under control and affected to believe that there was no reason for serious alarm. Her drawn, grey face and despairing eyes gave the lie to her speech. It was all over, then, at last!—and she knew it. She had been a most devoted wife, gladly sacrificing herself, her wishes, her inclinations, her fortune even, for the man who now lay dying; presently she would be a widow, and would have to plod along the remainder of her life's journey without that kindly, careless, selfish companion, whose will had been her will, whose successes had been her successes and whose ruin, alas! must be the ruin of those who survived him in a somewhat greater degree than his own. The rich of this world, who are so often said to be no happier than the poor, have at least this one great advantage that, when the sorrows which are common to humanity fall upon them, they are not compelled to put to themselves that painful, humiliating question, 'How shall we be able to afford it?' Lady Luttrell, who had once been rich and was

rich no longer, could not help wondering what terrible change of fortune awaited the family, though she tried not to think about it, and hated herself for doing so at such a time.

Meanwhile, the patient was pronounced to be almost out of immediate danger. Almost, but not quite, was the verdict of the eminent London physician, whose fee might have been saved, for any good that he had it in his power to do. He stayed a night in the house, approved of the measures taken by his provincial colleague, was extremely guarded in what he said to Lady Luttrell, and told Guy candidly that it was a question of months at the best, days at the worst.

‘I need scarcely tell you,’ he added, ‘that it is of the utmost importance to avoid mental disturbance or anxiety. If there is anything that your father wishes for, he should have it; and, so far as I was able to understand him, there seems to be something.’

No doubt this fashionable physician, who heard all that was said and rumoured in high society, knew well enough what it was that poor Sir Robert’s stammering tongue had striven to articulate; and how could Guy respond otherwise than as he did to the plea which soon afterwards was addressed to his own ears? He bent over the pathetic, prostrate figure on the bed, met the entreating eyes with a reassuring look and answered:

‘It’s all right; don’t you worry. We’ll send for Clarissa, and she ought to be here by the day after to-morrow. You’ll be ever so much better by that time, I expect; only you aren’t to talk now, you know.’

Sir Robert’s eyes closed, he smiled feebly and his features relaxed. His daughter-in-law must in common humanity come to him; in common humanity, too, she would, it might be hoped, seem to assent to his wishes; but her husband did not much relish the thought of conveying the summons which would have to be conveyed.

‘Will you write to her?’ he asked Mr. Dent. ‘I think you are the proper person to do it.’

‘Oh, I have telegraphed already,’ answered Mr. Dent; ‘she will arrive to-morrow evening. I am very sorry for you; but I know you will behave as a gentleman should in a difficult situation. There are many other things that might be said; but it is probably better not to say them. For the time being, all we have to think about is to make your father’s last hours as easy as we can.’

Lady Luttrell, poor woman, was less considerate and less reticent. She chose to assume that her son had promised a great deal more than he had done; she thanked him, with tears in her eyes, for having made the concession which he could not, she said, have refused without cruelty and ingratitude to his dying father; she tried hard to make him say in so many words that his wife (and her fortune) were about to be restored to his keeping; and when at last he was forced to remind her that there must be two consenting parties to that bargain, she declared such a statement to be in defiance of all laws, human and divine.

'It stands to reason, Guy, that everything rests with you. Dear Clarissa, I know, must feel that; though she has been allowed to go her own way all this time, and though perhaps she may have had a few little things to complain of. But you will ask her pardon, my dear boy!—you will not be too proud to do that, when I am not too proud to implore it of you on my knees!'

Lady Luttrell did not literally go down upon her knees; but she abashed herself quite enough to make her son feel extremely uncomfortable. He avoided promising what it would have been out of the question for him to perform by saying vaguely that of course he would do what he could and by undertaking to meet Clarissa at the station on her arrival.

The next day, therefore, he was standing on the platform to receive his wife, and he was not at all sorry to see that she was accompanied by Netta, who, for her part, was overjoyed to see him. The presence of the child was a protection to them both: possibly, thought he, it might have been to serve that very purpose that the child had been brought. Nevertheless, after they had taken their seats in the carriage and he had reported, in answer to Clarissa's sympathetic inquiries, that his father was a shade better, it was necessary to say something, by way of clearing the ground. So he began, in his usual good-humoured, leisurely accents:

'I don't know whether you will have guessed why you were summoned by telegram in such a hurry; but most likely you have. The old people, naturally enough, have been appealing to me and are going to appeal to you. I am sorry that you should be bothered in this way; but really it is no fault of mine. The doctors, in fact, make a special point of it that my father is not to be thwarted or contradicted; so you see!——' He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

Clarissa straightened herself up, drew in her breath and looked out of the window. 'I am afraid I do not quite see,' she answered presently in a hard voice. 'What is it that I am expected to do?'

'Something that you have not the slightest intention of doing and will never be compelled to do,' replied Guy, laughing a little; 'please don't suppose that you are expected by me to depart from your very clearly expressed intentions. But my mother will attack you, and so will the poor old man, and so will Paul; I am not even sure that your uncle won't have a word or two to say. Now, don't you think it would be for their happiness and our own comfort if we were to tell a few harmless little fibs?—or at least to leave them under a false impression?'

Clarissa turned round and looked at him with an irritated, disdainful air which he knew only too well. 'I am not much accustomed to telling fibs or conveying false impressions,' said she shortly.

'Upon my word, if it comes to that, nor am I; but I feel that I am in a rather tight place this time. It's almost a case of life or death: anyhow, it's a case of making death hard or easy. There are pecuniary considerations, you see: in fact, those *are* the considerations. He counted upon the family fortunes being retrieved by——'

'If that is all,' interrupted Clarissa quickly, 'it should be easy to set his mind at rest. You know perfectly well that I am ready at any moment to give up the half, or three quarters, of all that I possess, or ever shall possess.'

'Yes, and I hope you know perfectly well that that kind offer will never be accepted. The governor, you may be sure, knows it too. There wouldn't be the slightest use in talking such nonsense to him, and——'

He broke off to clutch Netta, who was craning her head out of the carriage-window to stare at the fallow deer in the park and who had almost overbalanced herself. For the next few minutes he was occupied with the child, promising to show her all the animals, laughing at her ecstatic ejaculations and talking to her in the childish language which she was wont to use and which he understood. It had always been a source of secret wonder and provocation to Clarissa that Netta should be so devoted to her father. What had he ever done to earn the child's love, beyond amusing himself with her at times, as he might have amused

himself with a favourite dog? When the carriage was within sight of the house she touched him on the arm to attract his attention, and said hurriedly :

‘Very well, then ; your father shall be deceived, if it is really so important to deceive him. But I will not tell lies to the others.’

‘Just as you like,’ answered Guy, smiling in his placid, aggravating way. ‘You would save us both a lot of botheration if you could strain your conscience a point or two farther ; but the main thing, no doubt, is to deceive the dear old man.’

Clarissa was not called upon to practise deception upon anybody that evening ; for the news which met her and her husband, when they entered the hall, was that the patient was not so well. The patient, in truth, had had a second seizure, the doctor had been sent for in hot haste, and throughout that night Sir Robert hovered between life and death. In the morning he rallied once more and recovered consciousness ; but his power of speech was gone. It was unlikely, the doctor thought, that he would ever be able to articulate again, though he might linger on in the same condition for weeks.

Under these sad circumstances the advent of Clarissa had less importance and was productive of less immediate annoyance to herself than might otherwise have been the case. She did not even see her mother-in-law until she had been twenty-four hours in the house, and when at length Lady Luttrell, with haggard cheeks and reddened eyelids, came downstairs to enfold her in a clinging embrace, her compassion and emotion rendered her willing to consent to anything that might be demanded of her. All that she was asked to do was to come into the dying man’s room for a few minutes.

‘I am sure he wants you,’ poor Lady Luttrell said, ‘though he cannot tell us so ; and—and I dare say Guy would not mind coming at the same time.’

Perhaps it was scarcely fair—even at the moment Clarissa felt that it was scarcely fair—to turn so pathetic a juncture to such practical account ; but she comforted herself with the thought that her action could not be misunderstood by her husband, and also that she was prepared, in the matter of money, to do all that Sir Robert probably wished. Only for a few minutes were she and Guy admitted into the darkened sick-room ; only for a few minutes did they stand looking down upon that mournful, speech-

less wreck which still bore a famous name, but in which it was impossible to recognise the brilliant statesman of former days. Somebody—it may have been Lady Luttrell—joined their hands; a faint gleam of satisfaction came into Sir Robert's eager, restless eyes, and then the nurse hurried them away.

As soon as they were in the corridor outside, Clarissa suddenly burst into tears.

'It is so dreadful!' she faltered. 'It seems almost like perjury!—I wish I had not done it!'

Guy, who was not less moved than she was, answered her, for that very reason, in colder and more measured accents than usual.

'I am sorry,' said he, 'to have inflicted this ordeal upon you; but there are ordeals which can't very well be shirked. I don't think there is any need for you to reproach yourself; you can explain as soon as you like to everybody whom it concerns, except my father, that you didn't in the least mean what you may have appeared to mean.'

She threw a glance of concentrated anger and scorn at the unimpassioned speaker, dashed the tears from her eyes and hastened to leave him. How, she wondered, as she sped along the vacant, echoing galleries of the old house, could she ever have loved, or even imagined that she loved, a man so callous and so shameless? Clarissa's chief grievance against her husband (although she was not aware of that) was that he had never at any time seemed to be ashamed, while he had more than once contrived to give himself a false air of being the injured party.

Anyhow, his conduct had the one satisfactory effect of enabling her to act, without compunction, as he had suggested, and to inform her uncle and Paul and Madeline that her compliance with Lady Luttrell's request must not be misconstrued. Mr. Dent merely shrugged his shoulders, and Madeline, who for the time being could think of nothing but that her father was upon the point of death, said little more than that she was sorry; but Paul expressed himself with some severity.

'You are foolish and you are wrong,' he told her; 'a day will come when you will repent of having allowed this opportunity to slip through your fingers. However much Guy may have been to blame in the past, it is you who are to blame now. One or the other of you must needs take the first step, and you ought to understand why it is more difficult for him than for you to do so.'

'You talk as if I *wanted* to live with him again!' exclaimed Clarissa; 'you either don't understand or you pretend not to understand that I would a great deal rather die than submit to such humiliation. The truth is that I ought not to have come here at all, and I am very sorry that I came.'

However, as her husband had assured her, she had no reason to be sorry; for nobody was the worse off in consequence of what she had done, while Sir Robert, it may be hoped, was the better. His breathing ceased quite suddenly, two days later, when he was supposed to be asleep, and in the solemn hush of death which ensued, all sounds of discord and controversy ceased.

A man who has played so conspicuous a part in public affairs as Sir Robert Luttrell cannot disappear from this world's little stage without a certain amount of stir and bustle, without messages of condolence from exalted personages, avalanches of letters and telegrams, deputations even and floral tributes innumerable. During the days which elapsed before his father's body was borne to the family vault upon the shoulders of a dozen stalwart tenants Guy was fully occupied in making the acknowledgments that were expected of him, and his privacy was not invaded by his wife. Nor, to tell the truth, did he think much about her, having so many other things to think about, and being, besides, honestly grieved by the loss which he had sustained. Sir Robert had been a good and kind father to him—or, at all events, such was his conviction; although the conviction of some sons and heirs, situated as he was, would, it may be, have been different. But when all was over, when the blinds were drawn up once more, when the past was quite past and the present and future had to be faced, the fact that he had a wife with whom his relations were not all that could be desired was brought home to him.

'I have nothing pleasant to tell you,' said Mr. Dent, who was one of his deceased friend's executors; 'so the sooner we get through our necessary talk the better. But I am afraid it will take rather a long time to make everything clear to you.'

It did take rather a long time—so long, indeed, that Guy's attention frequently wandered from the precise, methodical narration to which he was ostensibly listening. Mr. Dent and he were sitting in what had been Sir Robert's study; faint shafts of autumn sunlight fell upon them through the high, narrow windows, beyond which could be discerned a prospect of pale blue sea and fields and hills and yellowing woods. A thousand vague and incongruous

memories jostled one another in the mind of the man who should have been, but was not, the heir to that far-stretching property, while the man to whom it actually belonged plodded doggedly on with his cut-and-dried statement of facts and figures. When at last he ceased, Guy remarked :

‘The upshot of all this appears to be that I haven’t an acre or a shilling to my name, and that I am really your guest at the present moment.’

‘No,’ answered Mr. Dent, ‘it is not quite so bad as that. When everything has been put straight and all claims have been met, you will have, as nearly as I can calculate, about 30,000*l.* to live upon. Your mother, of course, has her own property, in addition to the sum settled upon her on her marriage. I don’t know whether I have convinced you, but I trust I have, that in making myself your father’s creditor and getting this estate into my own hands, I did what seemed to me to be the best that I could do for him.’

‘Oh, I’m quite sure of that,’ replied Guy, who, as a matter of fact, had not very well understood the details of the historical sketch which had just been laid before him. ‘I never expected to save as much as 30,000*l.* out of the wreck, and I knew I shouldn’t be able to live here. As the place had to go to somebody else, I am very glad that it goes to you.’

‘I am a man of business,’ said Mr. Dent ; ‘I have always been very careful about the investment of my money, and I am, in a certain sense, a rich man. But of course, as I have pointed out to you, a considerable portion of what I possess is represented by this estate, and the investment is scarcely one which I should have made for choice. Well, now, you know what I am—an old fellow with one niece, who will naturally inherit all he has to leave, and whose husband you happen to be. Is it too much to hope that there will still be Luttrells at Haccombe Luttrell when there are no more Dents anywhere?’

An impulse which he did not try to resist prompted Guy to take the old man’s hand. ‘I see,’ said he ; ‘I understand—and I’m really as grateful to you as if—as if the thing could come off. But it can’t possibly come off. If it was out of the question a week ago—which it was—it’s doubly out of the question now. Luttrells there may be at Haccombe after you and I are wiped out ; for you can tie the property up for Netta, if you choose, and her husband can take her name. But I assure you that you are

now in the presence of one Luttrell who will spend the rest of his days elsewhere.'

'I was prepared,' remarked Mr. Dent after a short pause, 'to hear you speak like this. I don't know that, for the moment, I can profitably say or do anything more. I have told you what my hopes are, and what, in spite of all, they will continue to be. One thing only I should like to beg of you: don't make the realisation of them quite impossible.'

'It couldn't be more impossible than it is.'

'Oh, it could. There is the President of the Divorce Court, you see, to whom you might be tempted to give an excellent opportunity of setting you and others free.'

'When I give Clarissa an excuse for applying to the President of the Divorce Court,' answered Guy, 'I'll give you and her leave to call me what neither of you has the right to call me at present.'

Mr. Dent glanced keenly at him for an instant, smiled and folded up his papers. 'Well,' said he, 'I think that is about all. The family lawyers will inflict a good many more wearisome hours upon you; but I dare say you have had as much business talk now as you can stand in one day.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

MR. ALFRED LOOSEMORE, who, besides being a minor poet and an essayist, was a close student of contemporary manners, never allowed an opportunity of augmenting his somewhat slender income to escape him, if he could possibly help it. In the year with which we are concerned, therefore, he judged that the time had come for him to write a play, and that this play, in order to secure the certainty of a run, must deal with the relations between the sexes, a subject which just then was engaging a large measure of public attention. The result of an effort which gave him remarkably little trouble was such as to exceed his most sanguine anticipations. 'Equality,' which was produced early in November at the Whitehall Theatre, was received with qualified approval by the critics and unbounded favour by audiences which, night after night, crowded the building from roof to basement. The plot of the piece, to be sure, was no great things; but the dialogue was smart and occasionally witty, the author had caught cleverly

enough the tone of a certain section of society, and his theme—the claim on the part of a young wife to start on even terms with her husband and do everything that he did—happened at the moment to be a popular one. What showed that Mr. Loosemore thoroughly understood his public was that nobody could feel quite sure, when the curtain fell, whether he had meant to support or to ridicule the ‘movement’ with which his name was to some extent identified. The friends and the foes of that movement were alike puzzled; but the great majority of both were pleased, while the minority, who held Madeline Luttrell’s opinion respecting the playwright, felt at least bound to go and see the fellow’s latest bid for notoriety. Accordingly they went, and helped to replenish the overflowing coffers of the management.

Now, as soon as ever Mr. Loosemore heard that his friend Mrs. Luttrell, who had now become Lady Luttrell, had returned to Cadogan Gardens for the winter, he hastened to send her a charming little note, enclosing a ticket for a box and begging her to patronise his ‘poor dramatic trifle.’ He did not expect so gifted a writer to think much of it from a literary point of view, he said; but possibly it might divert her, and possibly she might detect in it some feeble attempt to familiarise ‘the great stupid mob of our fellow-creatures’ with ideas which she was so far better able than he to expound.

Clarissa, to tell the whole truth about her, rather liked being called a gifted writer by one who had long ago earned that appellation for himself; moreover, she wanted to see a play of which she had already heard and read a great deal. So, on the appointed evening, she went to the Whitehall Theatre all alone, having failed to find anyone to accompany her, and when the first act was over, she was forced to the conclusion that if this was really meant as an attempt to back her up, it was indeed a feeble one. The play might be clever, and, after a fashion, she thought that it was; but there were situations in it which bordered upon downright farce, and there were others which, by her way of thinking, passed the borders of decency. This young married woman who (quite properly and reasonably) proclaimed her intention of facing married life upon a basis of equality, and who met the remonstrances of her bewildered husband by reminding him that she merely asked for the liberty which he himself demanded, was not at all the type which Clarissa and her friends desired to set up; it was hinted, if not actually stated, that she imitated her husband’s vices, instead

of insisting upon his abandonment of them, and if he was made to look foolish more than once, so was she.

When, immediately after the fall of the curtain, the click of the opening door behind her caused Clarissa to turn her head and Mr. Alfred Loosemore stepped delicately out of the dark background, she put up her glasses to look at him and said, with some asperity :

‘I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself! I have always suspected that you were not serious, and now I am sure of it. This is much worse than I thought it would be.’

‘How cruel of you to condemn a humble scribbler unheard!’ murmured Mr. Loosemore, holding Clarissa’s hand in a soft, protracted grasp—he had a way of shaking hands which aroused murderous inclinations in the hearts of some persons whom he honoured in that way. ‘You have only seen the beginning of the little business as yet, and I hoped you would understand that the lady’s plan is simply to give her spouse a salutary object-lesson. In the second act we become quite pathetic, and in the third——’

‘Well, what about the third?’ inquired Clarissa. ‘How does your play, which strikes me as being nothing but a caricature so far, end?’

‘Oh, it’s inconclusive; that’s just the beauty of it. You wouldn’t have me wind up with a commonplace, *bourgeois* reconciliation, would you? The highest art, you know, is never didactic, never precise—only suggestive.’

‘But what are you going to suggest?’ Clarissa wanted to know.

‘Ah, that’s just it! I suggest all manner of things, and the audience takes its choice. *Il y en a pour tous les goûts.*’

Mr. Loosemore loved to talk about all manner of things; but most of all he loved to talk about himself, and he proceeded to gratify that not uncommon taste, while his neighbour’s ear was turned towards him and her eyes wandered over the crowded house. Presently she flushed a little and drew a quick breath; for in the stalls directly beneath her she had recognised somebody whom she had scarcely expected to see. Guy, she had been given to understand, was at Kendal and likely to remain there throughout the winter; he had not spoken of coming up to London when they had parted at Hacombe Luttrell, after a scene which she could not recall without deep vexation and a sense of having been rather unfairly treated, nor was it agreeable to her to become aware of his vicinity. Yet, after a fashion, she was sorry for him;

after a fashion, too, she was almost remorseful. It had been a shock to her to hear that Hacombe belonged to her uncle and would probably, in the long run, belong to herself; she had understood how much more difficult her position was rendered for her by that unforeseen state of affairs, and if the scene alluded to had been painful and unpleasant, it was not, to do him justice, Guy who had made it so. She thought of Lady Luttrell's bitter reproaches, of Paul's stern disapproval, and of the silent entreaty in Madeline's eyes, and she felt, as she had often felt before, that these good people were hardly to be blamed for regarding her as the cause of all their misfortunes. But at the time she had not felt like that. She had felt that she was being driven into a corner, that they were taking advantage of circumstances which she had had no hand in bringing about, and that they asked her to make a sacrifice which they had no right to demand. Was it her fault that her husband refused to take what she freely and willingly offered him? Was it her fault that it had become impossible for her ever to live with him again as his wife? Guy, in his good-humoured, imperturbable way, had taken her part, had stood between her and his mother, and had contrived to avert an actual breach of friendly relations; but she had left the place, sore and angry, carrying with her the recollection of certain sayings on her mother-in-law's part which it was not easy to pardon. The dowager was still at Hacombe, packing up her belongings and making preparations for the final flitting which must soon be undertaken; but she was only there on sufferance, whereas, if things had fallen out differently, she might of course have remained on in her old home for an indefinite length of time.

These were not satisfactory reflections, nor were they of a nature to increase the interest of an innocent and misjudged woman in Mr. Alfred Loosemore's play, the second act of which was now in full progress. The author remained at Clarissa's elbow and was kind enough to point out to her the special merits and beauties of the action as each presented itself; but even he (though he was as dense in some respects as he was quick in others) could not help perceiving that her attention was engaged elsewhere.

This second act was doubtless intended to be touching, and indeed it contained situations which caused the pit and gallery to blow its collective nose; but the whole drift of the piece—so far as her preoccupation enabled her to follow it—struck Clarissa as

insincere and irritating, and she was very much disposed to agree with her husband, who, shortly after the curtain had fallen once more, exclaimed: 'Did you ever listen to such sickening, mawkish rot in your life before?'

For Guy, having caught sight of her, had entered her box, as if that had been quite the natural thing to do, and it was with the ejaculation just quoted that he greeted her. By way of reply, she hastened to introduce him to Mr. Alfred Loosemore, who remarked sweetly:

'So sorry you don't like my play. Still, it is original of you to dislike what everybody else admires, and one is always rejoiced to encounter originality.'

'Oh, are you the author?' said Guy, in anything but conciliatory accents. 'I shouldn't have said what I did if I had known that; but I can't very well eat my words now. As everybody else admires you and your production, I dare say it doesn't much matter what I think about them.'

He was so rude, and continued to be so rude, notwithstanding the bland politeness of Mr. Loosemore, that the latter was not long in executing a graceful movement of retreat. Guy Luttrell was a big, powerful man, and the mere idea of a possible resort to physical violence is repugnant to all refined, highly-strung natures.

As soon as he had departed, Guy took the chair which he had vacated and said: 'What a very offensive brute! I have always heard that he was a chap whom one couldn't sit in the room with, and he doesn't seem to have been maligned. Is it permitted to ask whether you are one of his admirers?'

'I think he is clever,' answered Clarissa coldly. 'I don't know in what way he is inferior to other men, and in some ways he strikes me as being superior to them. But the subject is not one upon which you and I are likely to agree. I did not know that you were in London. Are you going to stay any time?'

'The inside of a week, I expect. I have come up to meet my people, who are on their way to Pau, where they mean to live in future, I believe. Shall I find Netta at home to-morrow afternoon? I thought of taking her to Madame Tussaud's or to see Corney Grain, whichever she likes best.'

Clarissa would have liked to say that Netta, for whom a governess had now been engaged, could not be allowed to take a half-holiday upon such short notice; but, not choosing to depart

by a hair's breadth from the understanding to which she had committed herself, she replied: 'Of course it can be arranged, if you wish it. Perhaps you will come and lunch with us first, at two o'clock.'

'Well, no, thanks; I don't think I will: that would make us rather late, you see. I'll call for Netta about half-past twelve, and we'll feed together at a pastrycook's. At her time of life it's grand sport to feed at a pastrycook's, you know.'

He had recovered his good humour, which the sight of Mr. Alfred Loosemore had temporarily disturbed, and he laughed heartily at Clarissa's earnest entreaties that he would refrain from stuffing the child with sweets. Gregory's powder, he declared, might be relied upon to counteract the effects of over-indulgence.

'Besides,' he added, 'it will do Netta no harm to be spoilt, for once in a way, now. When she is twelve or fourteen years older, she will be apt to find her father as strict a disciplinarian as she will want to meet.'

Clarissa remained silent and pensive. Did he think, then, that he was going to have a voice in the training and education of his daughter? So far as she could remember, nothing of that sort had been stipulated for, and she foresaw that there might be trouble ahead. But Guy at once changed the subject, and began to talk cheerfully about his mother and Madeline, of whom he gave a reassuring account. They had written in better spirits of late, he said, and the change to the South of France would do them all the good in the world. He was very glad that they were leaving Hacombe, where everything, naturally, must remind them of their loss. Upon the whole, he showed so much tact and good taste in touching upon a delicate topic that Clarissa could not but be grateful to him, and, if only he had not been what he was, she would have met him in a more friendly spirit than she felt able to command. Presently the final act of the drama began, and then he jumped up, saying:

'Well, I'll be off now; I can't stand any more of this stuff. Tell Netta to prepare herself for wild excitement to-morrow.'

Wild excitement was in store, a little sooner than that, for people who were altogether unprepared to meet with any such experience. Hardly had Guy left her before Clarissa became conscious that something had happened. A subdued murmur was audible in all parts of the house; some of the people in the stalls stood up; the actors paused in their parts, glanced irresolutely at

one another and appeared to be frightened. Then arose a sudden, hoarse cry of 'Fire!' which was taken up and spread through the building with infinitely greater rapidity than any flames could have done, and instantly there ensued a frantic, senseless stampede, which the manager, who rushed upon the stage and implored the audience to keep their seats, was quite powerless to check. Clarissa, startled and bewildered, would doubtless have joined in the general flight if her husband had not burst into the box in time to stop her.

'Stay where you are!' he called out peremptorily. 'For God's sake, don't attempt to stir till I come back. I'll see whether it's possible for you to get out; but I don't believe it is. These lunatics are trampling one another to death in the passages.'

Clarissa obeyed instinctively and without a word. She was not conscious of being particularly frightened, although her heart was beating fast; but she was quite conscious that in a moment of such emergency Guy was entitled to take the command, and she was content to let him do so. He was absent for some three or four minutes, which represented a full quarter of an hour to her imagination. Then he returned, panting a little—for indeed he had had to fight his way back to her side—and said quietly:

'It's no good; you're as safe here as you would be anywhere, and I think they are getting the fire under. But I couldn't really find out anything, except that all the exits were hopelessly blocked.'

Clarissa turned and looked at him, something of her old admiration for his physical courage returning to her as she noticed that he was unaffectedly calm.

'You think we are going to be burnt to death, don't you?' she asked, with an irrepressible shudder. 'It is a horrible way of dying!'

'Oh, I dare say it will be all right,' he answered composedly. 'With ordinary luck, we ought to have a very fair chance of escape. Only we should risk losing what chance we have if we tried to bolt.'

Almost as he spoke the lights were suddenly extinguished, and they were left in total darkness. It was natural that his hand should seek hers, and natural that she should find comfort and encouragement in that firm grasp. For a period of time which was not to be measured by ordinary methods of computation they stood silently thus, listening to the confused hubbub of shouts and shrieks which arose from all sides and half-choked by

the clouds of smoke and the pungent, acrid odour with which the theatre was becoming filled.

'Guy!' gasped Clarissa at length.

'Well, my dear?'

'I want to ask you—I want to ask you something. If this is to be the end of our lives, you can't mind telling me. You did care for me once—what did I ever do to lose your love? Why were you so cruel to me?'

His answer, if he made any, did not reach her ears. She was vaguely aware of being clasped in his strong arms; then a deadly sickness and faintness overpowered her, and when she came to herself—lo and behold, she was out in the open air! Somebody had drenched her with cold water; a few stalwart policemen were keeping back the gaping crowd which had collected in the street, and Guy's voice was saying: 'She'll do now. Just clear the road for me, will you, while I lift her into the carriage.'

Presently she was in her own carriage and was being driven at a round pace down the Strand, with her husband by her side.

'What has happened?' she murmured, as he wrapped a shawl round her head and a rug over her shoulders. 'Did I faint?'

'Oh, yes, you fainted,' he replied briskly; 'best thing you could do, under the circumstances. Sorry that fool chucked a bucket of water over you; though it had the desired effect. Only you must mind you don't get a chill now. It would be rather hard luck,' he added, with a laugh, 'to catch one's death of cold after being so nearly roasted alive.'

The conflagration, it appeared, had been speedily subdued; nobody, so far as Guy knew, had been burnt; although a good many people had been hurt, and some perhaps killed, in the crush. 'It served them jolly well right,' he said, rather unfeelingly. Clarissa listened to, but scarcely took in, his unimpassioned account of what had occurred and of the commonplace sequel to a scene with the memory of which her nerves were still vibrating. When the carriage drew up at the door of her house in Cadogan Gardens, he accompanied her as far as the hall and delivered her into the care of her servants, to whom he explained matters in a few words.

'I'll retire now,' said he. 'If you'll be advised by me, you'll go straight to bed and have something hot to drink.'

'But Guy,' she exclaimed, stretching out a detaining hand, 'you—you will come again to-morrow, won't you?'

‘Of course I will,’ he answered; ‘I shall want to hear how you are after all these emotions. Besides, I have to keep my appointment with Netta, you know. Good night.’

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GUY GIVES NO TROUBLE.

Who does not know the miseries, the bewildered, disgusted, unavailing self-reproaches of ‘the next morning’? It never is, and never can be, pleasant to awake to the memory of having made a perfect fool of oneself overnight; yet for such pangs a certain alleviation may be found, if only one can feel quite sure that other people have been just as bad. This consolatory reflection was lacking to Clarissa when she opened her eyes in broad daylight and strove to recall the details of an episode which had promised to be tragic, but had ended in a distressing anti-climax. ‘What did I do?—what did I do?’ she asked herself, as she sat up in bed, frowning and pushing back her disordered flaxen hair. Alas! the answer was only too clear and distinct—no whit less distinct than her recollection of what Guy had refrained from doing and saying.

‘Oh, why,’ she ejaculated aloud, with a short laugh of vexation, ‘am I not the heap of cinders that I expected to become when I behaved in that ridiculous way!’

Pulvis et umbra sumus; we shall all be a mere heap of dust soon; and perhaps, in view of that comforting certainty, it is hardly necessary for us to advance matters by scattering metaphorical ashes over our persons, as we are apt to do when conscious of having been a little more ridiculous than usual. But the last offence with which poor Clarissa was inclined to upbraid herself was that of being habitually ridiculous, and her consequent humiliation was the more profound. To have cast herself, fainting, into the arms of the man whom she so heartily despised; to have given him to understand that she still loved him and coveted his love; to have even parted from him, after the tame termination of an uncalled-for scene, with a flattering request that he would call at her house on the morrow—was it possible that she—*she*, of all people in the world!—could have lost her head to that extent?

And the worst of it was that Guy had not lost his head for a moment. Most likely he had known all along that the danger was rather apparent than real; most likely he was even now chuckling in amusement over reminiscences which caused her to writhe. Well, she would have to eat dirt, she supposed; she would have to explain to him, when he came, that cowards must not be held responsible for words uttered under stress of panic; and then, if he were disposed to be magnanimous—— But she did not believe that he would be magnanimous. He had never really shown himself so; although circumstances had enabled him from time to time to affect an air of magnanimity. While her maid was helping her to dress, she tried hard to recover a little of her self-respect by depreciating her husband, and she was in some measure successful. At all events, she thought it highly probable that, before the morning was over, he would have justified the poor opinion that she entertained of him.

Now, as that opinion was scarcely to be shaken or altered by any line of conduct that Guy could have taken up, it is difficult to say whether the line which he actually did adopt was judicious or the reverse, but possibly it might have rendered Clarissa less angry, had it been more open to exception. He arrived shortly after midday to make inquiries and claim his daughter, and he was so urbanely determined to ignore everything beyond the bare fact that a lady whom he had had the privilege of escorting home had sustained a shock to her nerves that explanations for which he did not ask could not very well be forced upon him.

Clarissa, who had been reading the newspaper on his entrance, remarked presently: 'I am glad to see that they don't mention my name in the account that they give of the fire. I was afraid that I might have been noticed and that there would be some idiotic paragraph or other about me.'

She had, in truth, been horribly afraid that her name would be mentioned—and Guy's too. What 'copy' might not have been constructed by an intelligent and descriptive reporter out of the incident of Lady Luttrell's rescue from death by the husband from whose protection she had withdrawn herself! But Guy only laughed and said:

'A fire seems an important event when you happen to be in it; but I suppose fires occur in some part of London pretty nearly every night, and there were no lives lost on this occasion, it seems. I dare say the papers think they have done enough in the

way of personal particulars by recording the fortunate escape of your friend Loosemore. I should think he was the sort of chap who might be trusted to run no foolhardy risks.'

Perhaps Guy did not quite realise that Lady Luttrell had won a position of almost equal public notoriety with Mr. Alfred Loosemore: there were, indeed, several things which Guy did not seem quite to realise. However, whether his slightly irritating nonchalance were genuine or assumed, it was doubtless a matter for congratulation that he should make light of the whole affair and cut short such expressions of gratitude as Clarissa felt bound to offer him.

'Oh, there's no occasion to thank me,' said he; 'any of the attendants at the theatre would have done as much for you, and I suppose I should have done as much for any of the attendants. One can't leave a swooning fellow-creature inside a burning house, you know.'

Well, that observation had at least the merit of candour, if it did not err on the side of fulsome flattery. Clarissa felt that she had said as much as she was expected or desired to say, and she did not attempt to detain her husband after it had been intimated that Miss Netta was ready and waiting for him downstairs. But it was with flushed cheeks and tightly compressed lips that she presently watched the pair drive off together in a hansom, and although she was aware that Guy had, in a certain sense, dealt leniently with her, that did not prevent her from being bitterly incensed against him. Incensed, and perhaps also a trifle jealous; for she could not endure the thought that their child's affections were divided between them. What had he ever done to deserve Netta's affection, beyond amusing himself with her sometimes when he felt an inclination that way? To be sure, the task of rewarding Guy and men like him according to their deserts seemed to be one almost too hard for the powers of even enlightened and reforming ladies.

Clarissa, not being best pleased with herself or with anybody else that day, naturally took revenge upon the numerous friends who had heard reports of her adventure, and who came to ply her with condolences, congratulations and inquiries. Even Mr. Alfred Loosemore, when he called in the course of the afternoon, met with scant courtesy at her hands, and was told in so many words that the anxiety with which he professed to have been tormented on her behalf would have been easier to believe in, had it led him

to attempt her rescue, instead of making a dash—as he owned that he had done—for the stage door.

‘My dear lady,’ he replied with smiling imperturbability, ‘I am constitutionally timid, and I don’t pretend to be anything else. The beauty of me is that I never do pretend to be anything but what I am, and the odd thing is that I am commonly considered to be made up of pretence and affectation. I should have enjoyed nothing more than bearing you heroically in my arms through the flames and smoke; but at the time it seemed to me of such paramount importance that I myself should escape being singed! What would you have? Poets are thin-skinned folks, while it is a law of nature that heroes should be provided with hides. Who, I wonder, was the pachydermatous gentleman who is said to have played the hero for your sake?’

Since he did not know, she felt under no obligation to inform him. She contented herself with remarking drily that it is useful, in case of emergencies, to have amongst one’s friends a few dull-witted persons who do not mind running the risk of being scorched; and soon afterwards her visitor, perceiving that she was out of temper, took his departure. Nothing, Mr. Loosemore thought, is more unbecoming to a woman than to be out of temper, and he had so sincere an admiration for Lady Luttrell that it pained him to see her exhibit herself under an unbecoming aspect.

The return of Netta at a late hour, and in a state of garrulous, incoherent excitement, did not, unfortunately, tend to restore her mother’s impaired amiability. Netta had been having a grand and memorable time of it. She had been treated to all the unwholesome delicacies that her soul loved; she had been taken to the German Reed entertainment, of which she expressed unqualified approval; finally, she had been partaking of tea and muffins at an hotel with her grandmother, who had just arrived and who, it seemed, had charged the child with a message to the effect that a visit from ‘Granny and Aunt Madeline’ might be expected on the ensuing afternoon. That being so, Netta wanted to know whether the duty that she owed to her family did not demand the concession of another half-holiday.

Clarissa replied somewhat sternly in the negative. She was all the more determined not to spoil her child because it would have been a great deal easier and pleasanter to do so than to maintain discipline. Guy, being irresponsible, could of course

afford to be indulgent, and she mentally accused him of taking a rather unfair advantage of his irresponsibility.

He was, however, at least considerate enough to abstain from accompanying his mother and his sister when they called in Cadogan Gardens the next day. Possibly he had foreseen that the meeting would not be marked by any excess of cordiality on either side and had thought that he would best consult his own comfort by evading it. In truth the dowager had neither caresses nor affectionate speeches at the service of her daughter-in-law, with whom she would now have been ready to quarrel upon very slight provocation. She had called because both Guy and Madeline had urged her to call; but she wished it to be understood that she altogether disapproved of Clarissa, and she certainly managed to make that much clear to the dullest comprehension.

'Pray, do not trouble to return our visit,' she said, when she rose, after conversation had been carried on in a polite, distant style for ten minutes; 'we have only two days in which to get all our shopping done, and you would be sure not to find us at home. Perhaps you will allow me just to say goodbye to dear little Netta now; it will be a long time, I am afraid, before I see her again, poor child!'

Lady Luttrell, in her widow's weeds and with her worn, anxious face, was a sufficiently pathetic figure and was, perhaps, to be excused for being irreconcilable. Some tears fell from her eyes upon the curly head of her grandchild, for whom she had brought various presents, wrapped up in silver paper. While she was bending over Netta, Clarissa whispered to Madeline: 'Must we part like this? Could you not dine with me to-morrow evening?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the girl, 'I should like to come. I am sorry,' she added, with a significant glance at her mother; 'but—can you wonder?'

Clarissa could not and did not wonder. She, too, was sorry; only it was quite out of her power to make Lady Luttrell glad. Some day, perhaps, justice would be done to her, and it would be acknowledged that a chain of circumstances which had resulted in the impoverishment of her husband's family had been none of her creating. Meanwhile, it was something to be thankful for that Madeline remained faithful: besides which, she was under the impression that Madeline stood in need of counsel and assistance.

Was there not only too much reason to fear that this return to Pau might imply a return to temptations which ought to be strenuously resisted? The girl must be encouraged and implored to stand firm.

It was assuredly not with any view to securing an ally in this benevolent design that Clarissa asked Alfred Loosemore to partake of her hospitality at the same time; for she did not so much as know that he was acquainted with Raoul de Malglaive. In point of fact, the man invited himself, as he had a cool habit of doing, and when, as before, he was placed next to Miss Luttrell at the dinner-table, he at once remembered that he was still a little in her debt. For debts of that particular kind Mr. Loosemore had a singularly tenacious memory.

‘So you are going back to Pau,’ said he, between the soup and the fish; ‘and no doubt you will meet that young miscreant de Malglaive there. I would ask you to give him a message from me if I could word it so as to be fitted for transmission through such a medium. But you might mention that if he thinks the banks of the Loire are out of sight of Paris, he makes a very great mistake. Then he will ask you what you mean, and you will be able to tell him quite honestly that you don’t know, but that I do. Ah, why haven’t I a face and a manner like his! It would be so delightful to be sure of never being found out—or of escaping condemnation even when one was!’

‘There are people,’ returned Madeline, ‘whose faces and manners ought to prevent any fair-minded person from condemning them for doing anything.’

Having thus relieved her feelings, she resolutely refused to be drawn into further conversation by the poet, and devoted her attention to the other guests, of whom some half-dozen were present—for it was very seldom that Lady Luttrell sat down to a solitary dinner. But the other guests were only interesting in so far as that they were all talking about their hostess’s adventure at the theatre, of which Madeline now heard for the first time. Later in the evening, when they had gone away, and when Clarissa had begged her to stay a little longer, she asked:

‘Is it really true that Guy saved your life the other night? He never said a word to us upon the subject.’

‘He certainly would not have told you that he saved my life,’ answered Clarissa, with an annoyed look, ‘because that would have been nonsense. He was at the theatre, and he came into

my box, and I was stupid enough to faint, and then he helped me out to my carriage—that was all. It was a provoking thing to have happened, and embarrassing for both of us ; I am glad he had the good taste to say nothing about it.’

She proceeded, without drawing breath, to deliver the earnest exhortation which she fancied that her sister-in-law might require, and to repeat, with increased emphasis, all that she had urged before against licentious Frenchmen.

‘You need not be in the least alarmed,’ was the calm and satisfactory answer which she received ; ‘I happen to have heard quite enough about M. de Malglaive to convince me that he is as black as you or anyone else could wish to paint him. Why you should imagine that I am in any especial danger from him I don’t know ; but I can assure you that I am a great deal more unlikely to marry him than you are to forgive Guy. And that is putting things rather strongly, isn’t it ?’

‘Yes,’ answered Clarissa, after a pause, ‘that is putting things strongly, if by forgiveness you mean what I suppose you mean. So long as you are determined never to marry a man whom you neither love nor really know, I am satisfied. As for Guy, I suspect that he is tolerably well satisfied too, and that he would think Haccombe Luttrell a dear bargain at the price of having to live there with me. He and I are good friends—as good friends as it is possible for us to be. But I hope I shall not have to see him again before he leaves London.’

‘Oh, he has gone. Paul has undertaken to see us off from Charing Cross, and he wanted to get back to Kendal as soon as he could. You know that he thinks of giving up the service ?’

‘I did not know,’ answered Clarissa. There was a certain relief in hearing that she would not be called upon to meet her husband again for the present ; yet she was unreasonably mortified by this prompt confirmation on his part of the indifference which she had ascribed to him.

‘Yes,’ Madeline resumed ; ‘he says he can live more cheaply out of the Army than in it, and as he will have about 1,000*l.* a year now, he will be able to get on as a bachelor.’

‘But not in London, I hope ?’ asked Clarissa apprehensively.

‘Ah, that I can’t tell you. Wherever he may be, I am sure he will interfere with you as little as possible. Of course he will want to have Netta with him sometimes.’

‘Yes, he will want that,’ agreed Clarissa, frowning, ‘and as

years go on——. However, there is no use in meeting trouble half-way.'

'There must always be troubles when married people who have children decide to live apart,' observed Madeline.

'Quite so; only there would be far worse troubles if they decided to go on living together. That is the whole gist of our argument.'

But readers shall not be wearied with a recapitulation of the arguments used by Clarissa Luttrell and those who agreed with her. These ladies have stated their case so amply with the aid of tongue and pen that everybody must know all about it by this time.

(To be continued.)

